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THE BETTER PART



SHELDON LEAVITT



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THE MAN OF GALILEE

The Better Part

In Metre

By

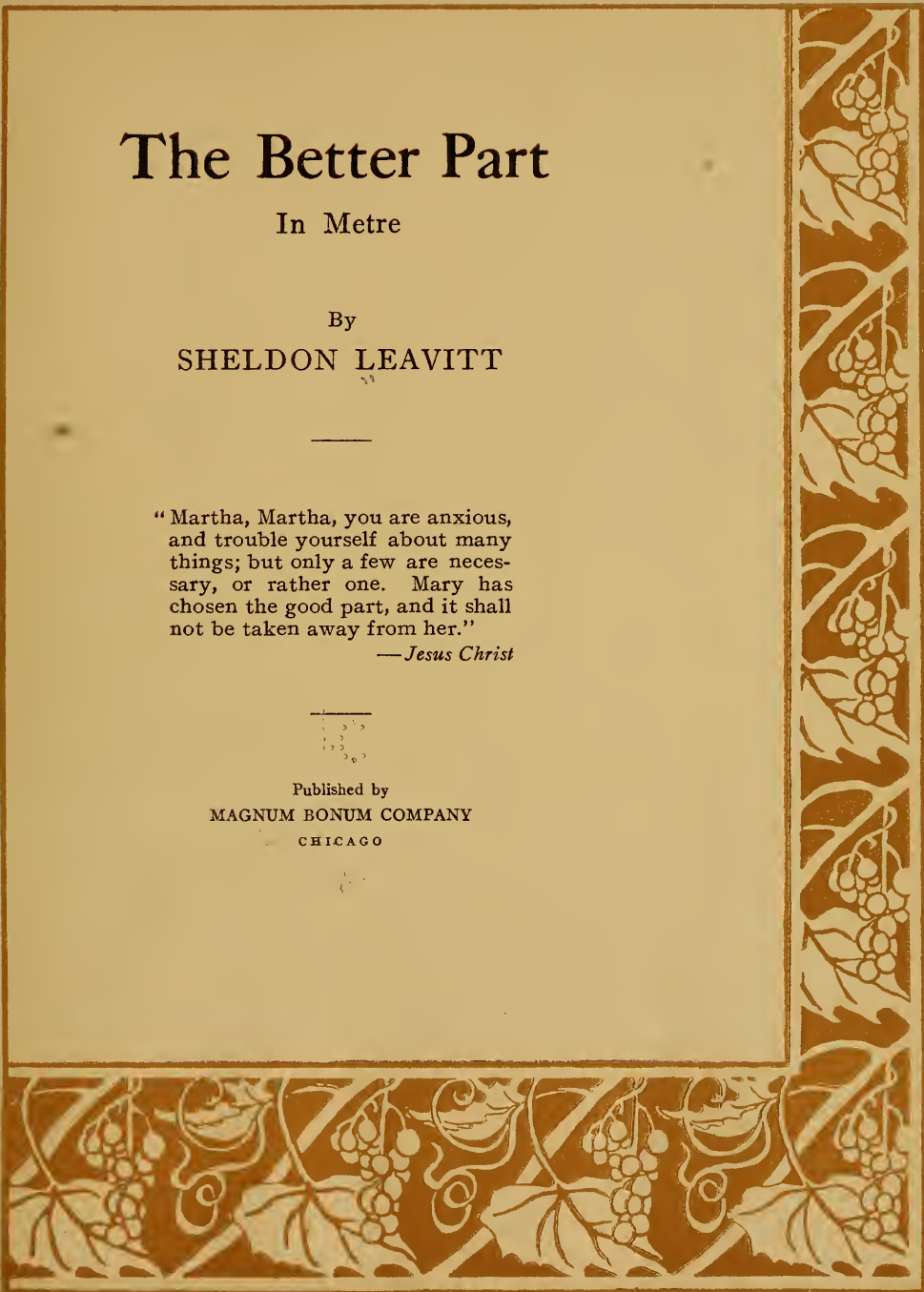
SHELDON LEAVITT

"Martha, Martha, you are anxious,
and trouble yourself about many
things; but only a few are neces-
sary, or rather one. Mary has
chosen the good part, and it shall
not be taken away from her."

—*Jesus Christ*

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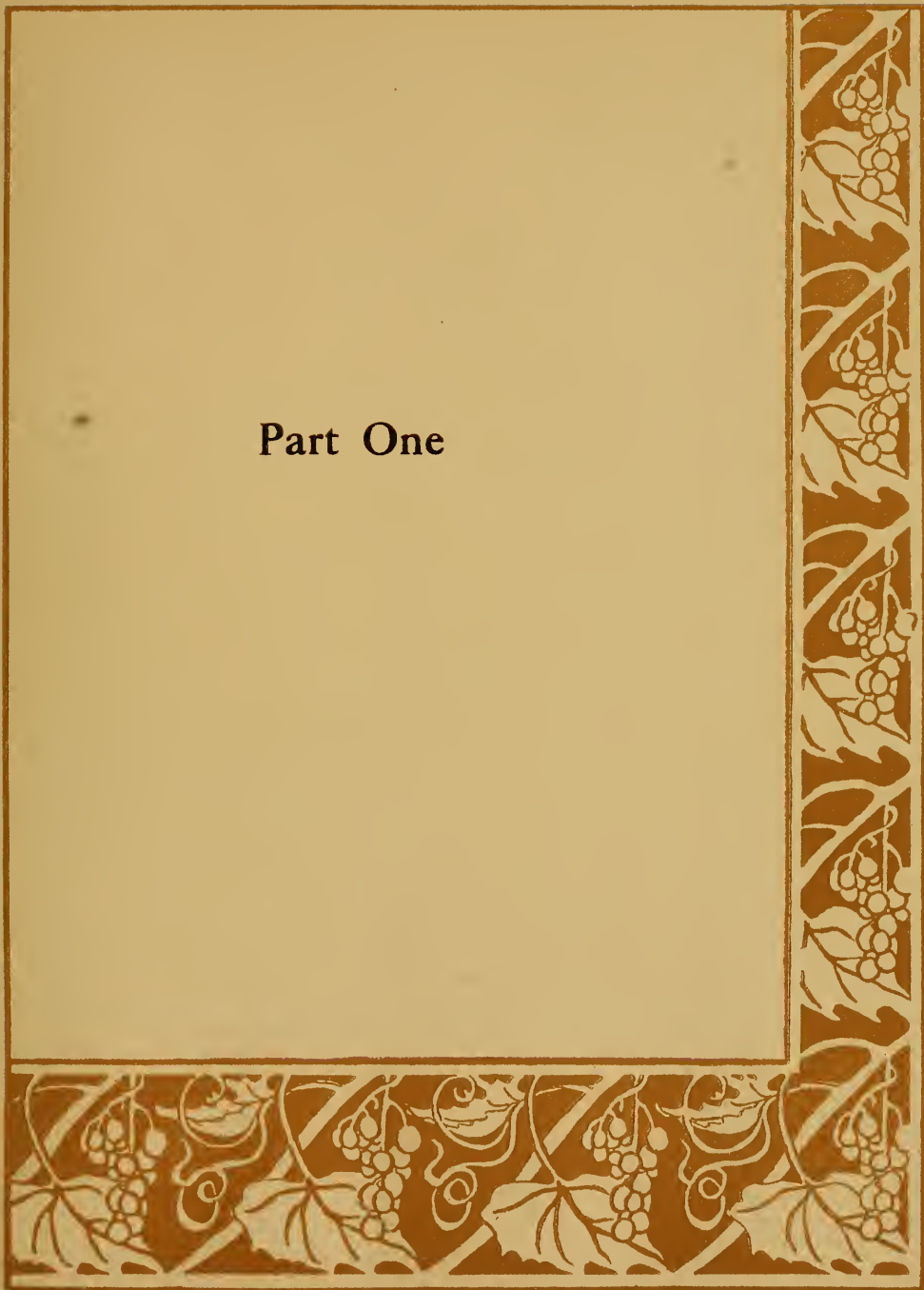


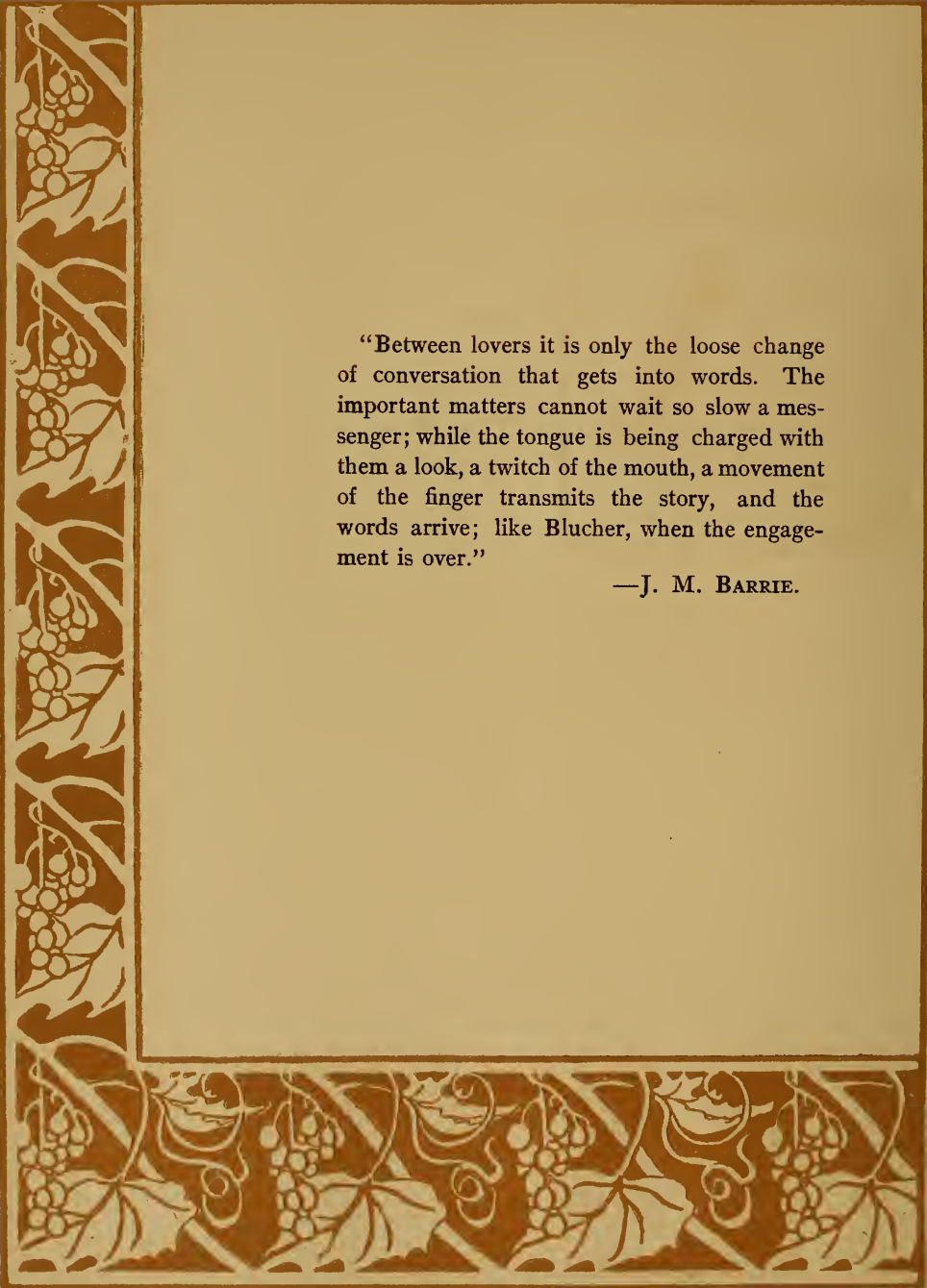
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To those who Love
With Human Sentiment
Outmeasuring Life and Ease,
These Lines I Dedicate.

Sheldon Seavitt

Part One





"Between lovers it is only the loose change of conversation that gets into words. The important matters cannot wait so slow a messenger; while the tongue is being charged with them a look, a twitch of the mouth, a movement of the finger transmits the story, and the words arrive; like Blucher, when the engagement is over."

—J. M. BARRIE.

The Better Part



N H E B R E W
maiden's eyes,
with l a s h e s
long

And dark, intent-
ly peered

Along the path
that swept with
graceful curve

About the hill and
soon was lost

To view, as back and forth she paced
Upon the roof of a small house
Within the little town of Bethany
An afternoon of long ago.



The sun lay on the hill in color deep,
And a rare silence hung about the
place.

The day had drawn its weary hours
out

And now had reached the point
Expectant for th' impatient one
Who waited there alone.

How artless and how sweet that
girlish face!

How fair that form, clad in a simple
garb!

In face and form and movement one
Could read a strength of soul,
And a wealth of impassioned senti-
ment—

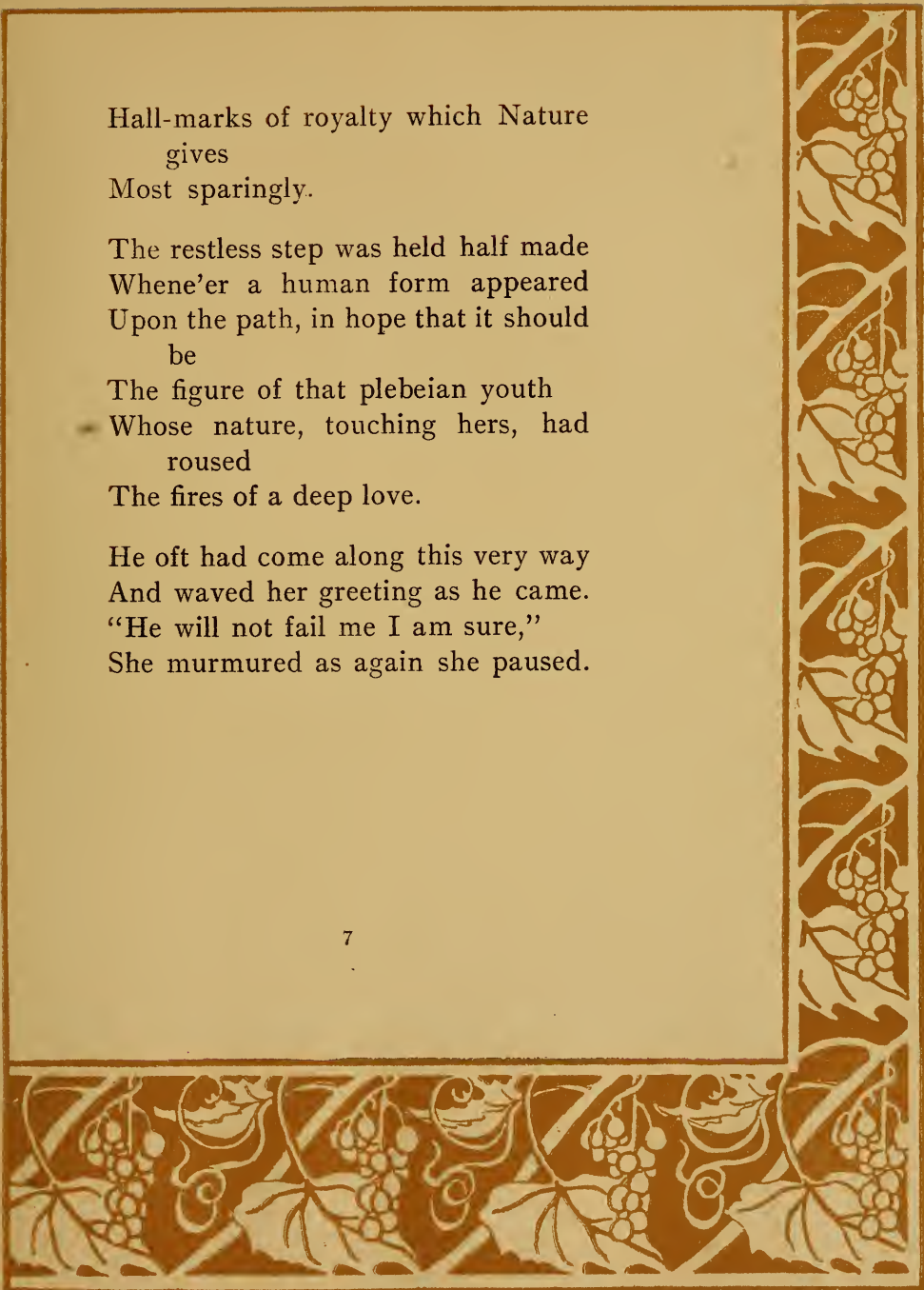
Hall-marks of royalty which Nature
gives
Most sparingly.

The restless step was held half made
Whene'er a human form appeared
Upon the path, in hope that it should
be

The figure of that plebeian youth
Whose nature, touching hers, had
roused

The fires of a deep love.

He oft had come along this very way
And waved her greeting as he came.
"He will not fail me I am sure,"
She murmured as again she paused.





“This is the hour, and soon—Ah,
there he comes,”

She cried, ere other eyes than hers
Had seen a meditative youth
Saunter with graceful step along the
way.

With all the warmth of youth and
love

She flew to greet him as he came,
To bid him welcome there.

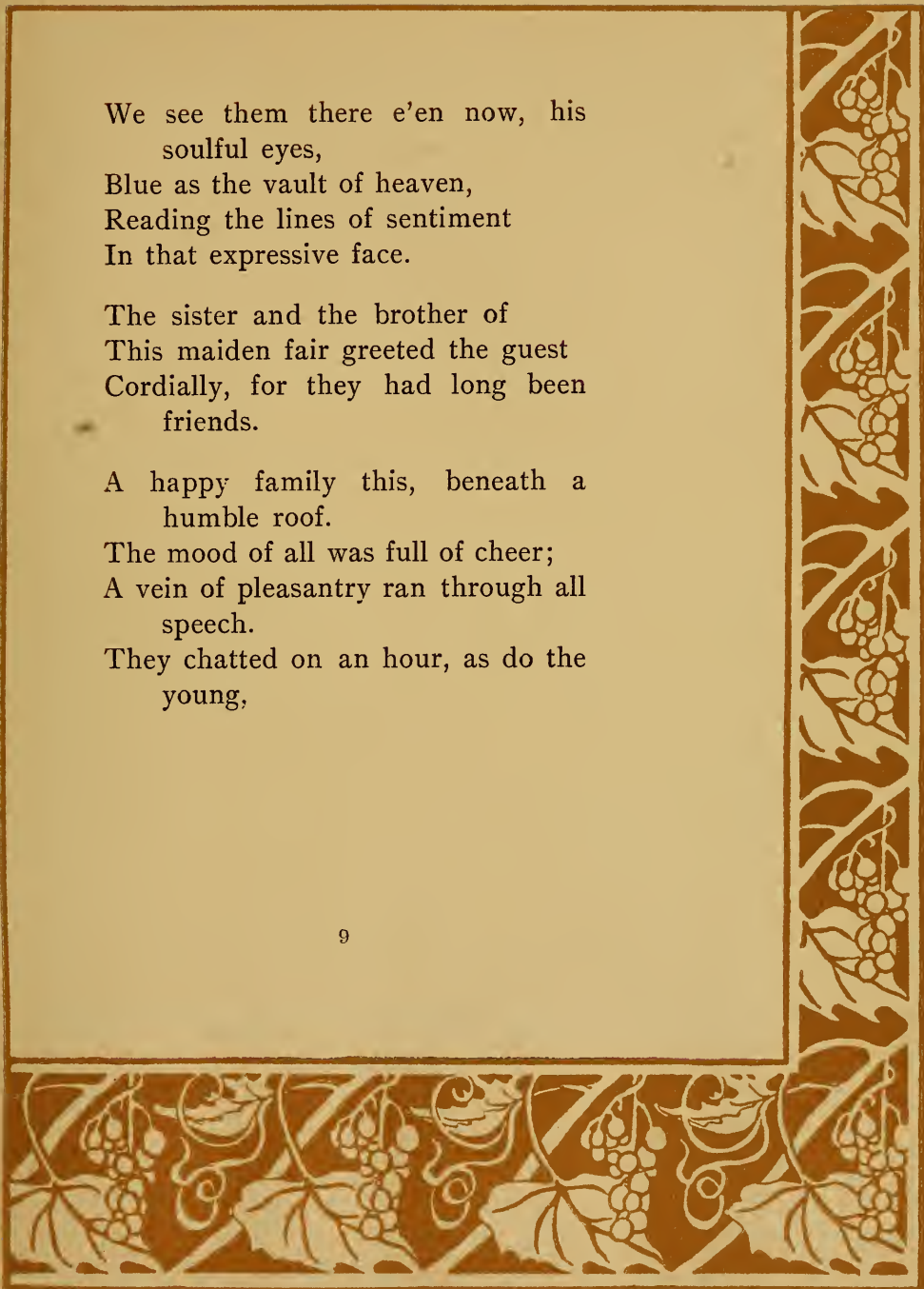
Well matched were they in tempera-
ment and type,
His fairer shade of countenance and
hair

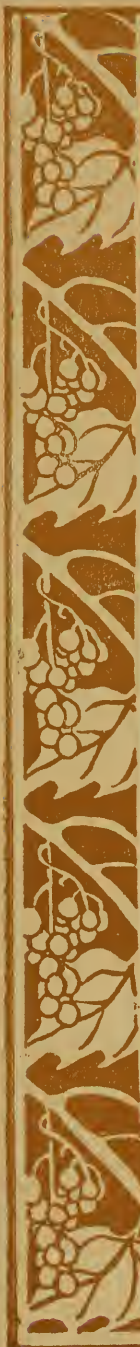
Was in strong contrast with her
darker hues.

We see them there e'en now, his
soulful eyes,
Blue as the vault of heaven,
Reading the lines of sentiment
In that expressive face.

The sister and the brother of
This maiden fair greeted the guest
Cordially, for they had long been
friends.

A happy family this, beneath a
humble roof.
The mood of all was full of cheer;
A vein of pleasantry ran through all
speech.
They chatted on an hour, as do the
young,





Of things and people here and there.
The guest, though eldest, was as
young in word

As any of the rest, and yet
There seemed in him a settled sense
Of power reserved, of greatness un-
disclosed.

There was a mein which plainly said,
In modest tones, "This is no common
clay;"

And yet a plain simplicity
Dwelt in his words and acts.
There was a veil of mystery
Enwrapping him.

His parents were well known as plain
And honest souls living most happily
In Nazareth of Galilee.

'Twas said this son should some day
 be a king,
Though where his kingdom was to be,
Or when, had not been told.
Some said 'twas but a mother's
 foolish pride
Had given out the word; but others
 held
That God had named him Jesus as
A mark of royalty.
'Twas also said that he had been
In solitude for many months;
That he had been among Egyptian
 seers
And learned the secret of their
 powers;



That he had healed sick folks,
And made the blind to see.
A fellow townsman had he freed
From demons, and a friend lame from
His youth had he restored to even
step.

But he had held his peace.
He vaunted not himself, and now
To those dear friends, his hosts, he
seemed
No other than a brother dear.

These visits now and then he made,
and some

Had said that he and Mary lovers
were;
And so they were, in truth.

This was a happy visit, like the rest,
And on a certain morrow, as the sun
Hung over the horizon yet an hour,
He left them with a fond good-bye.
But ere he went, Mary and he
Stole to the roof for a brief talk alone.
They sat in silence for a time,
As lovers love to sit,
Not listless but enwrapped in reverie
Absorbing and profound.
The stillness of the hour and of the
town



Gave emphasis, and made his words,
Which voiced the thought that broke
the pause,

Impress her heart indelibly deep.

“Mary, my dear,” he said, “oft do I
find

My heart drawn hitherward, and oft
My feet would ardently here turn
Where I have ever found a peace and
joy

Not elsewhere known.

But I must tell you plainly, dear,
My life has been unfolding to an end,
A purpose, as the leaf unfolds
And then the bud and flower.

My manhood, into which from callow
youth

That had no meaning to my friends,
I now have come, unto me certifies
the task

My Father's will has laid upon my
heart.

My time has now arrived, and I must
work

While it is day, for soon the night
will come.

You do not understand, nor I.

But there is laid on me a sense of
power

And purpose which bespeaks





A mission, and a message true
For many souls.
My feet are at the threshold of the
door
And all the impulse of my mind and
heart
Move me to enter in.
Henceforth among the throng I shall
be found
Proclaiming truths which even now
Within me burn and press for
utterance.
I must away, but ere I go,
My heart prompts me to say,
Among all women thee I love the best.
I do not say farewell, for I shall come,

It may be oftener than before,
To escape the press, and rest.
I go, and God be with you, Love!"

And he was gone.

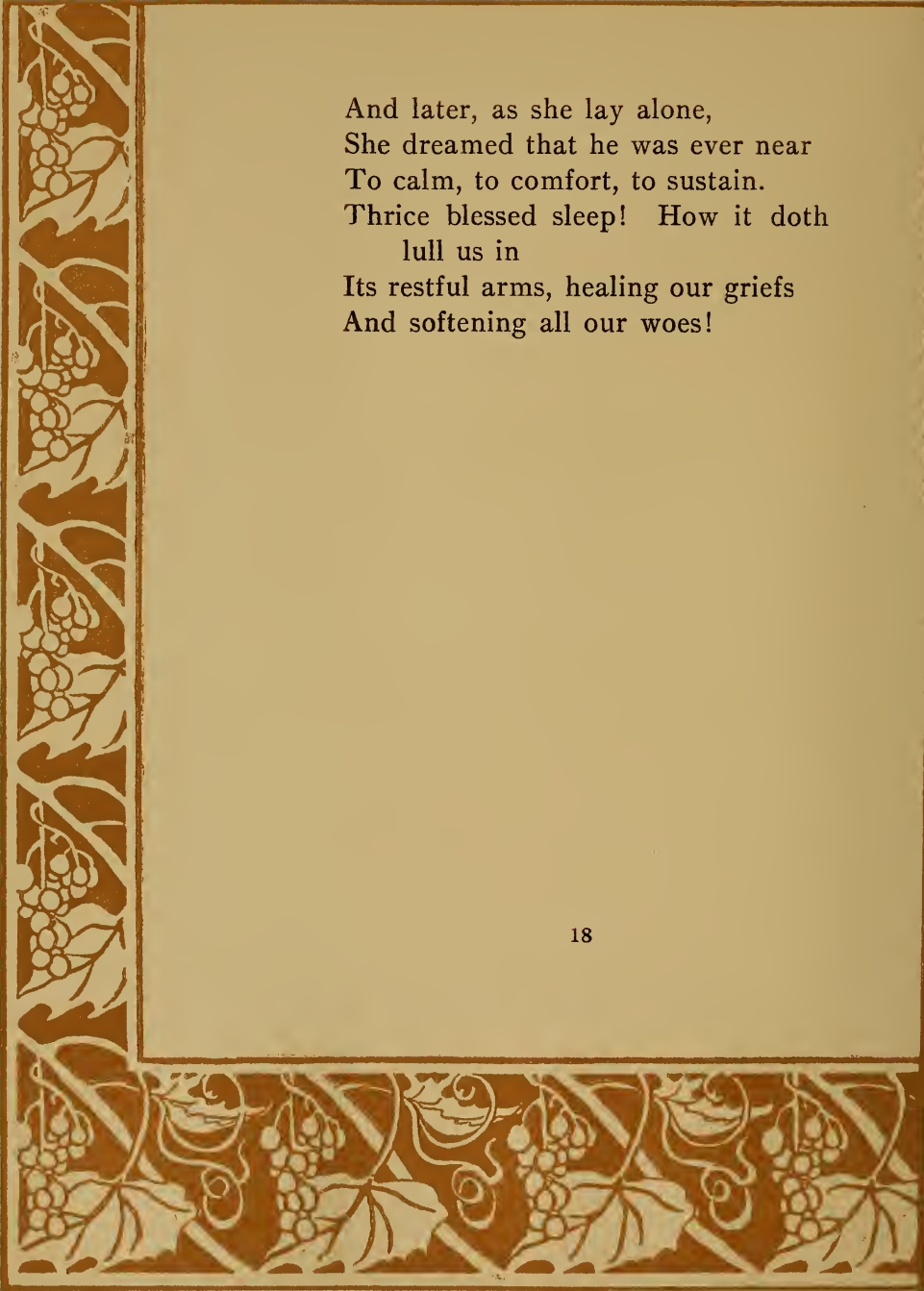
She heard his manly step along the
way.

A maiden sat alone, tearful, forlorn,
Brooding in silence on the days to
come,

So somber and so sad.

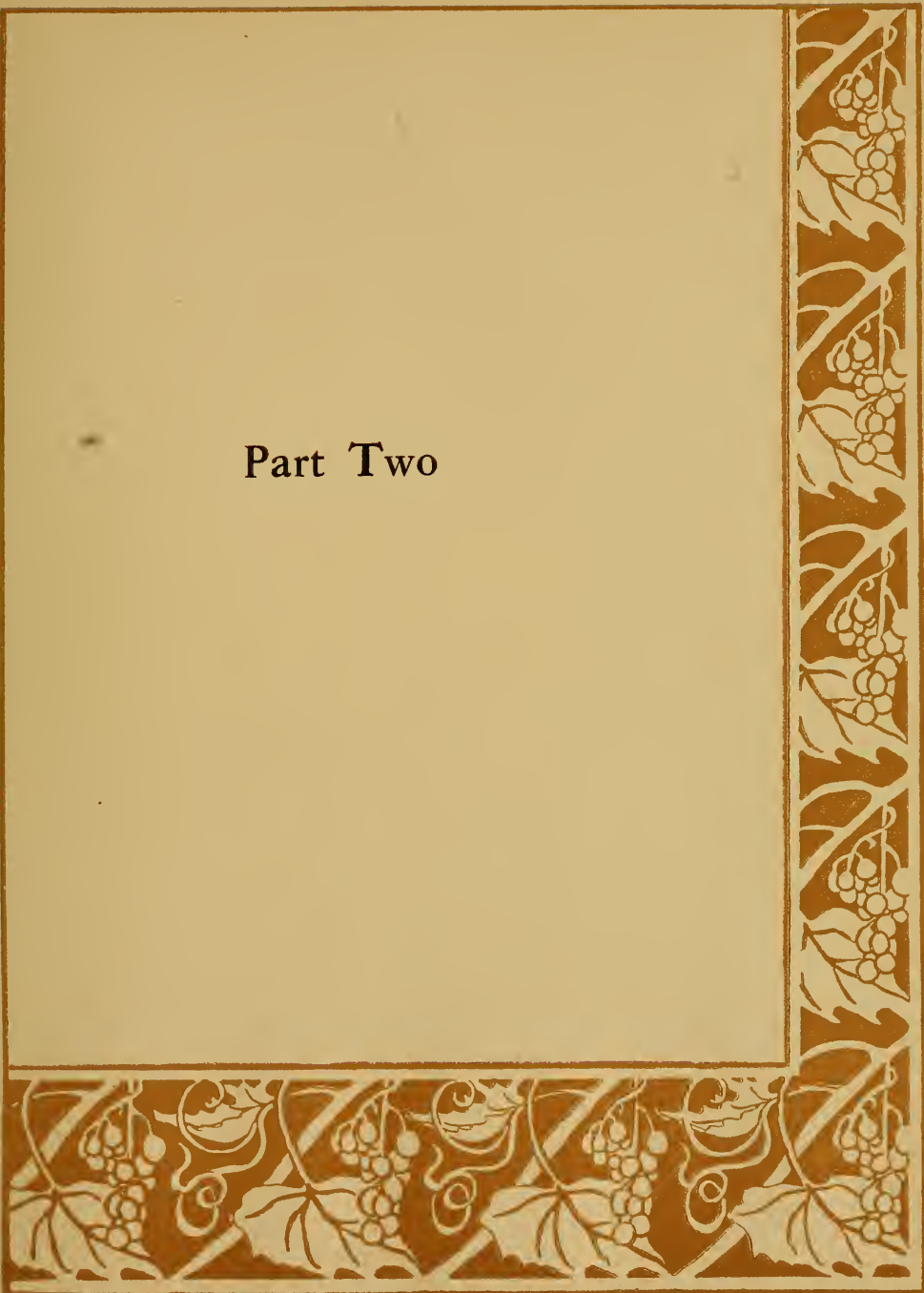
Then, as the curtain of the night
Fell softly down and shut her in,
Rising, with heavy heart, to go,
"His mission shall be mine," she
said.





And later, as she lay alone,
She dreamed that he was ever near
To calm, to comfort, to sustain.
Thrice blessed sleep! How it doth
 lull us in
Its restful arms, healing our griefs
And softening all our woes!

Part Two



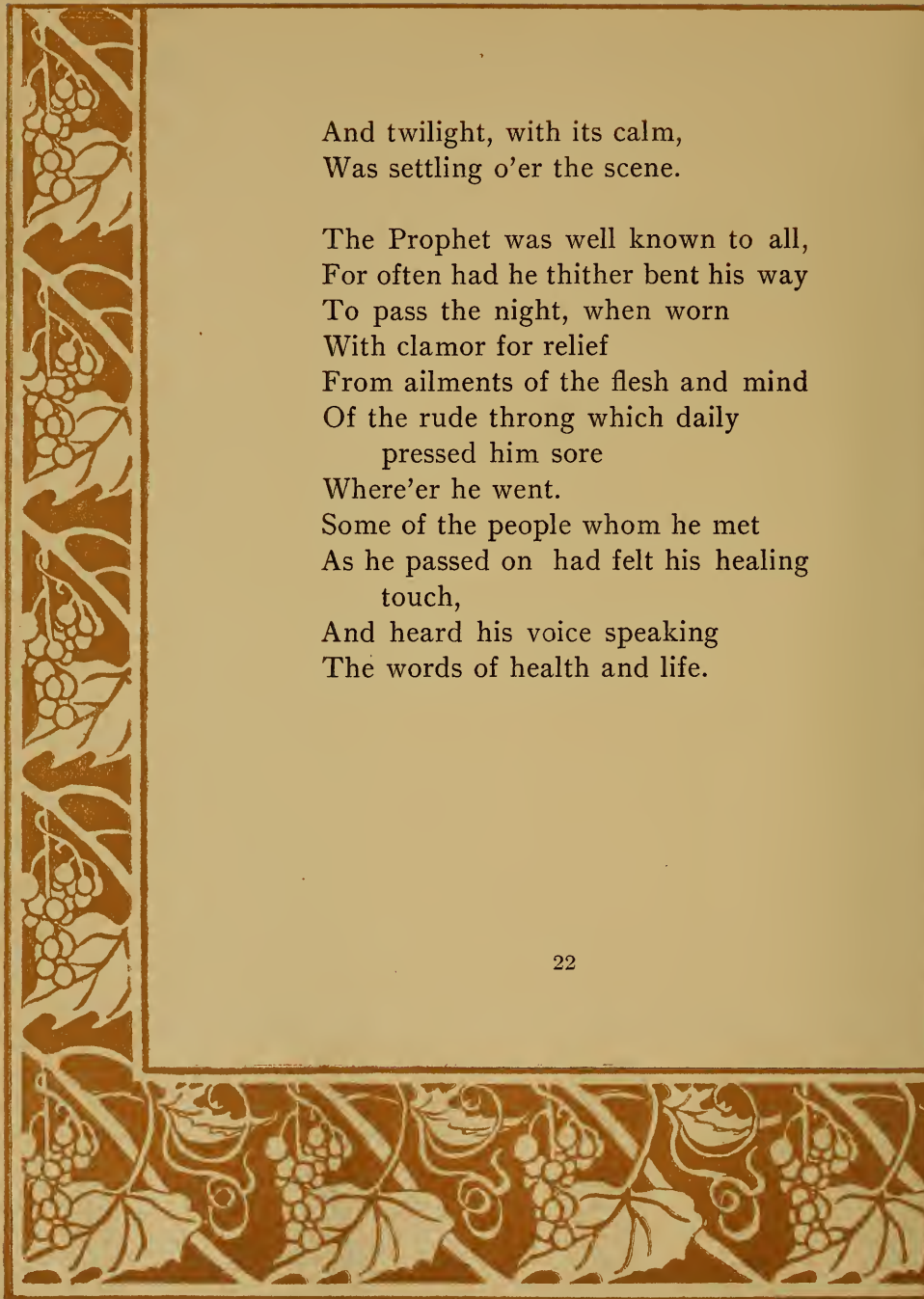


"No man knows the richness of love who has
not at times found out what it is to put out
heavy expense for his love's sake."

—CHARLES V. DOLE.



USTY and travel-
worn they
came,
Jesus and his dis-
ciples, Peter,
James
And John leading
the way,
Unto that hamlet
in the Judean
hills,
Which nestled
close beside Jerusalem.
The summer sun had sunk
Behind the pink horizon, thus
Assurance giving of a bright return;

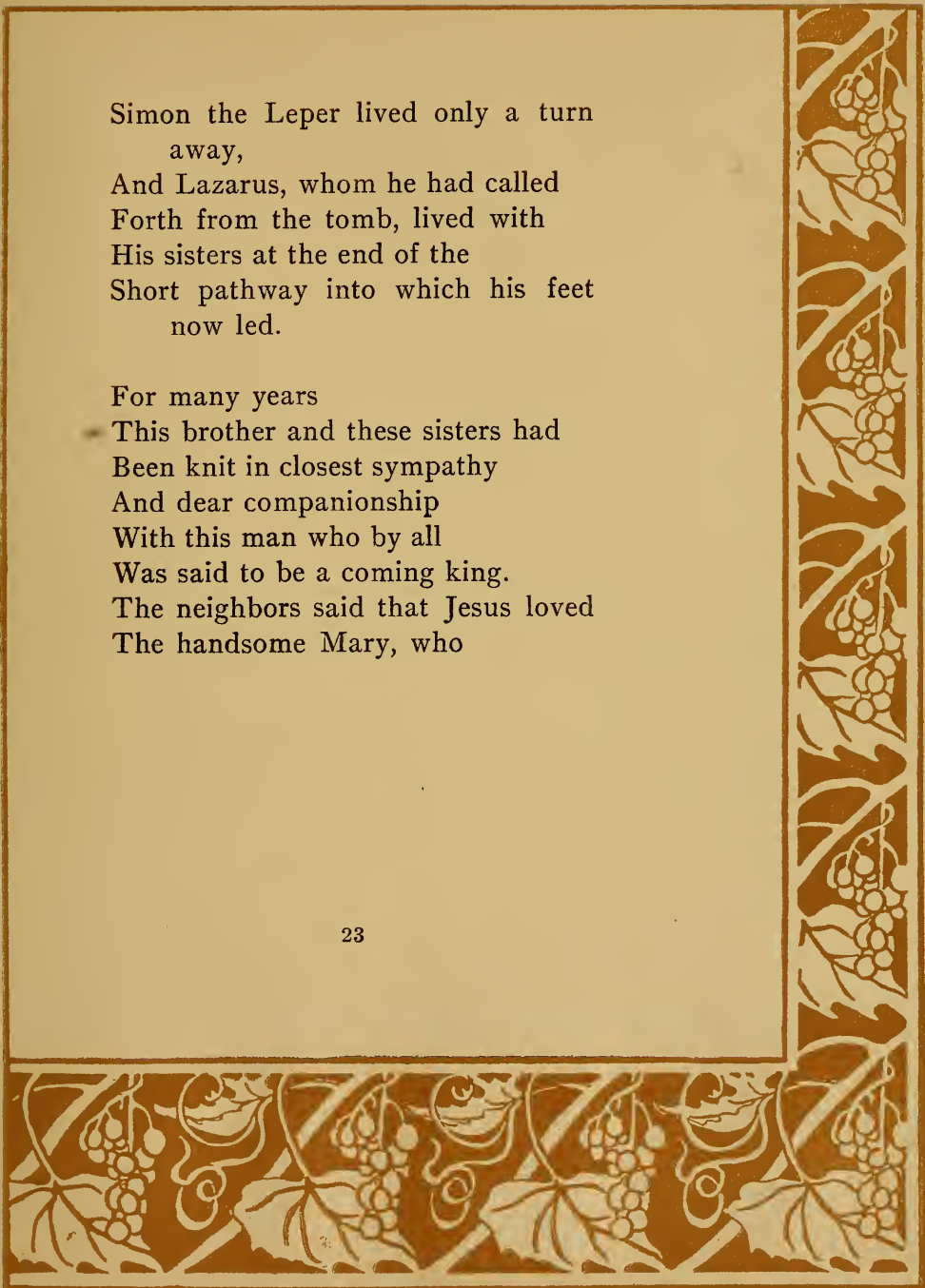


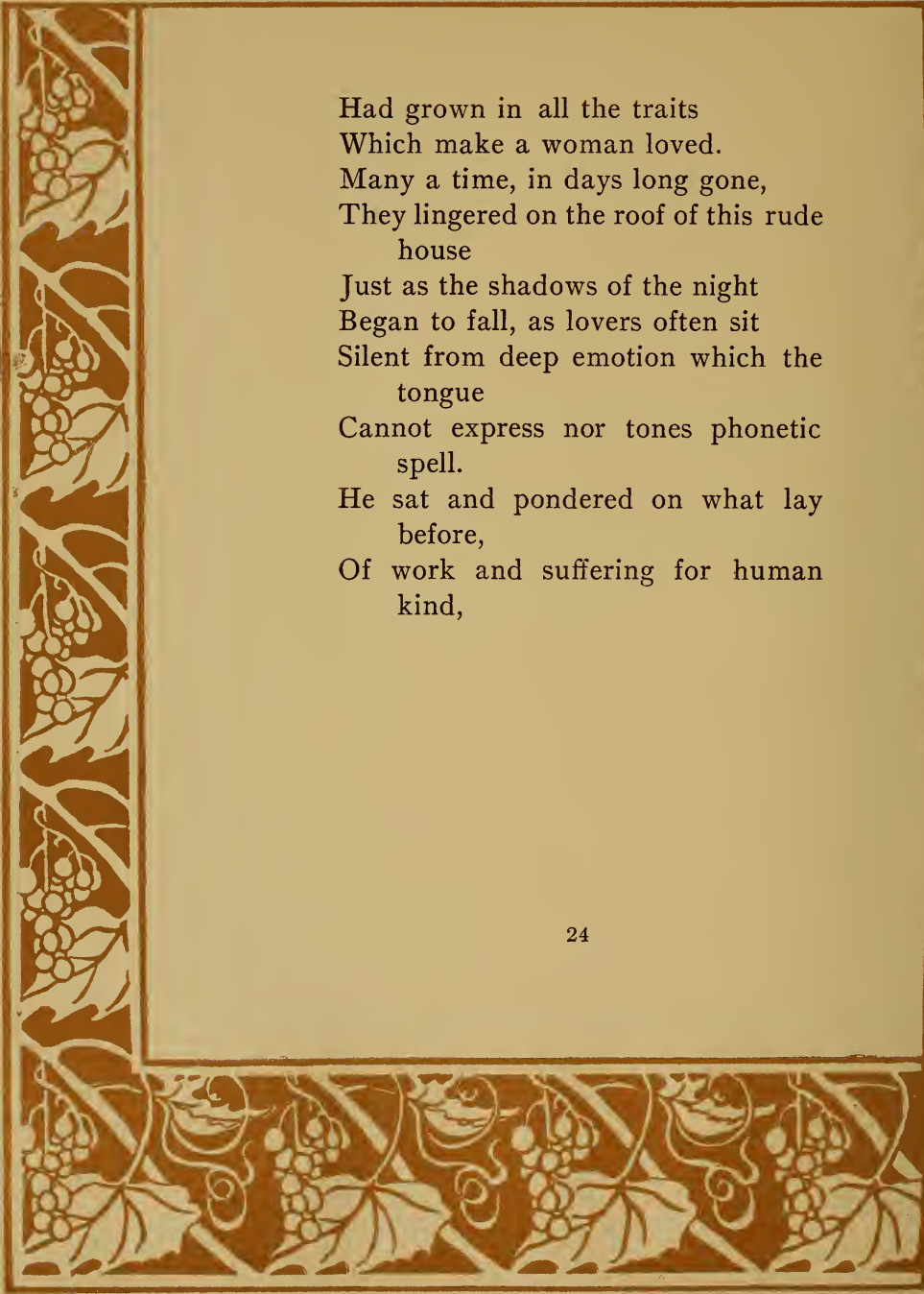
And twilight, with its calm,
Was settling o'er the scene.

The Prophet was well known to all,
For often had he thither bent his way
To pass the night, when worn
With clamor for relief
From ailments of the flesh and mind
Of the rude throng which daily
 pressed him sore
Where'er he went.
Some of the people whom he met
As he passed on had felt his healing
 touch,
And heard his voice speaking
The words of health and life.

Simon the Leper lived only a turn
away,
And Lazarus, whom he had called
Forth from the tomb, lived with
His sisters at the end of the
Short pathway into which his feet
now led.

For many years
This brother and these sisters had
Been knit in closest sympathy
And dear companionship
With this man who by all
Was said to be a coming king.
The neighbors said that Jesus loved
The handsome Mary, who





Had grown in all the traits
Which make a woman loved.
Many a time, in days long gone,
They lingered on the roof of this rude
house
Just as the shadows of the night
Began to fall, as lovers often sit
Silent from deep emotion which the
tongue
Cannot express nor tones phonetic
spell.
He sat and pondered on what lay
before,
Of work and suffering for human
kind,

Which from the pleasures of domestic
life

Would him debar.

His mission to mankind seemed stern,
So much of sacrifice did it involve.

His human love—yes, human love—
Welled up in all its energy,

Though never for a moment had it
power

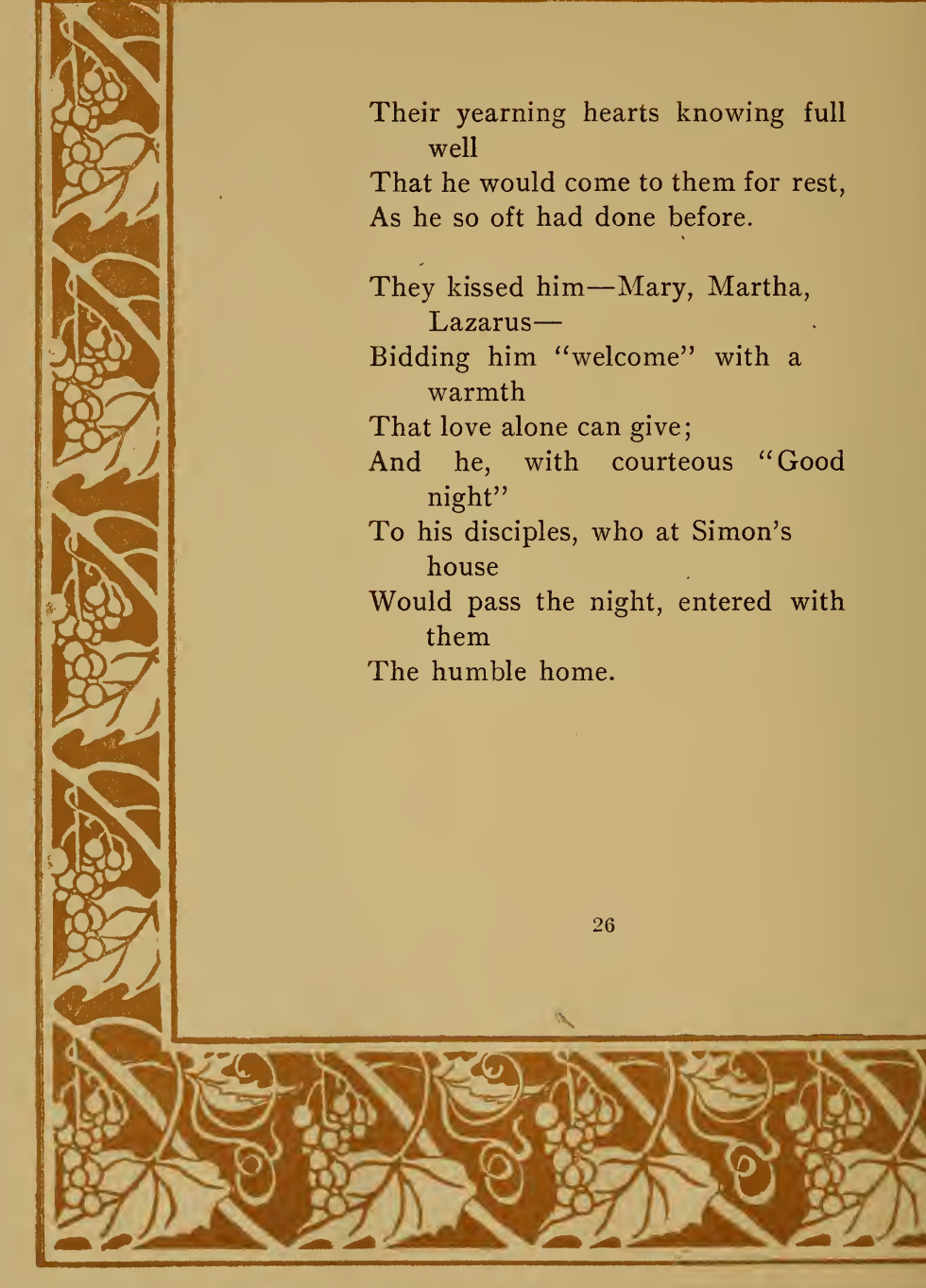
To change his purpose to fulfill

His destiny;

And yet that human love, in being
shorn

Of full expression, suffered much.

The little family a welcome gave
Ere he had reached their humble
home,



Their yearning hearts knowing full
well

That he would come to them for rest,
As he so oft had done before.

They kissed him—Mary, Martha,
Lazarus—

Bidding him “welcome” with a
warmth

That love alone can give;

And he, with courteous “Good
night”

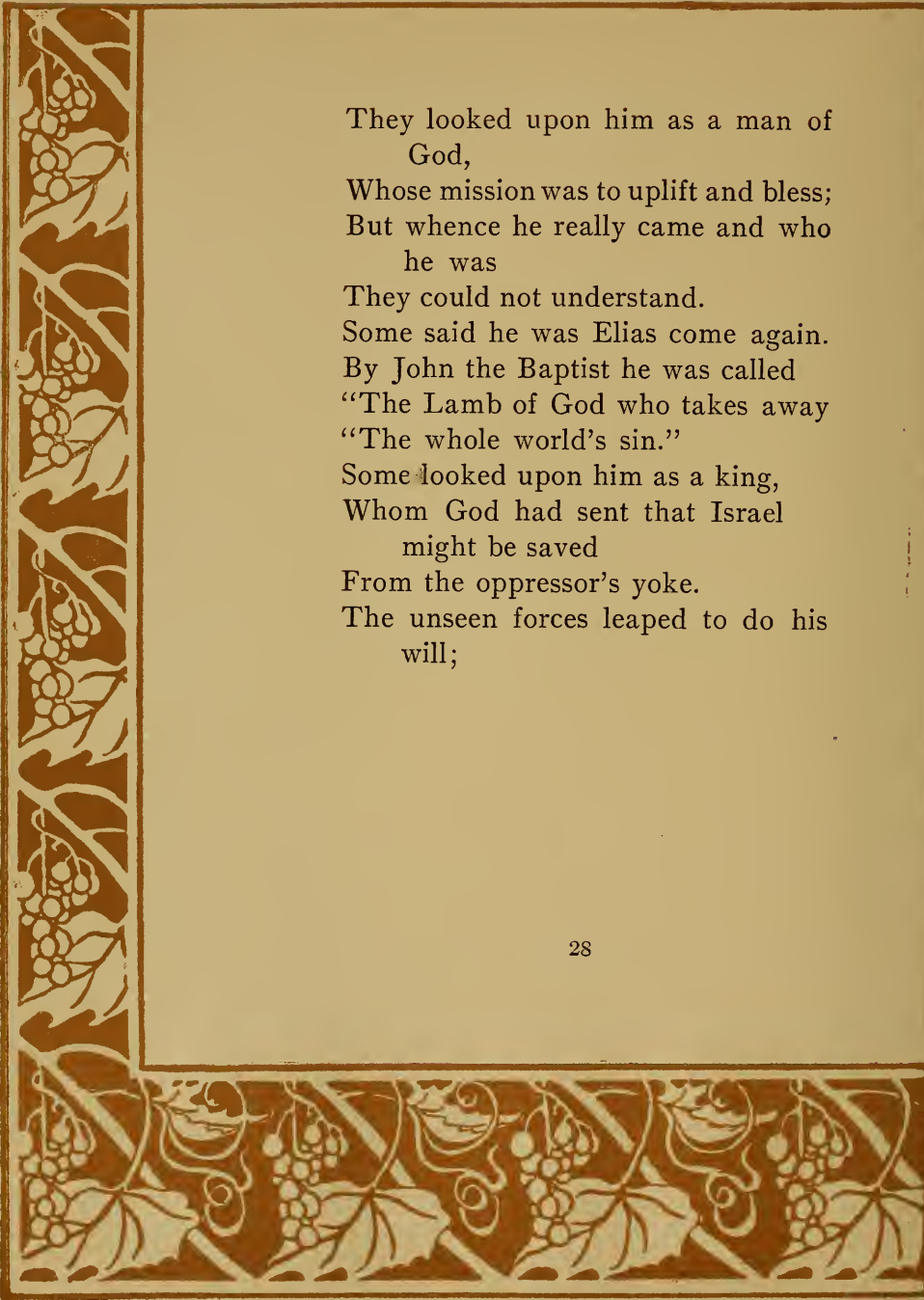
To his disciples, who at Simon’s
house

Would pass the night, entered with
them

The humble home.

Events which had o'ertaken them
Since last the honored guest
Had slept beneath the roof
Now sheltering him, were lightly
 touched upon,
And then the smoky lamps went out
That all might rest until the morn.

These humble friends knew not how
 great
Was he who slumbered there t h a t
 night.
They knew him as a lofty soul,
Replete with power. They knew
 him as
A sturdy friend who loved them well.



They looked upon him as a man of
God,
Whose mission was to uplift and bless;
But whence he really came and who
he was
They could not understand.
Some said he was Elias come again.
By John the Baptist he was called
"The Lamb of God who takes away
"The whole world's sin."
Some looked upon him as a king,
Whom God had sent that Israel
might be saved
From the oppressor's yoke.
The unseen forces leaped to do his
will;

Lazarus himself he called forth
From the dark tomb where he had
lain for days.

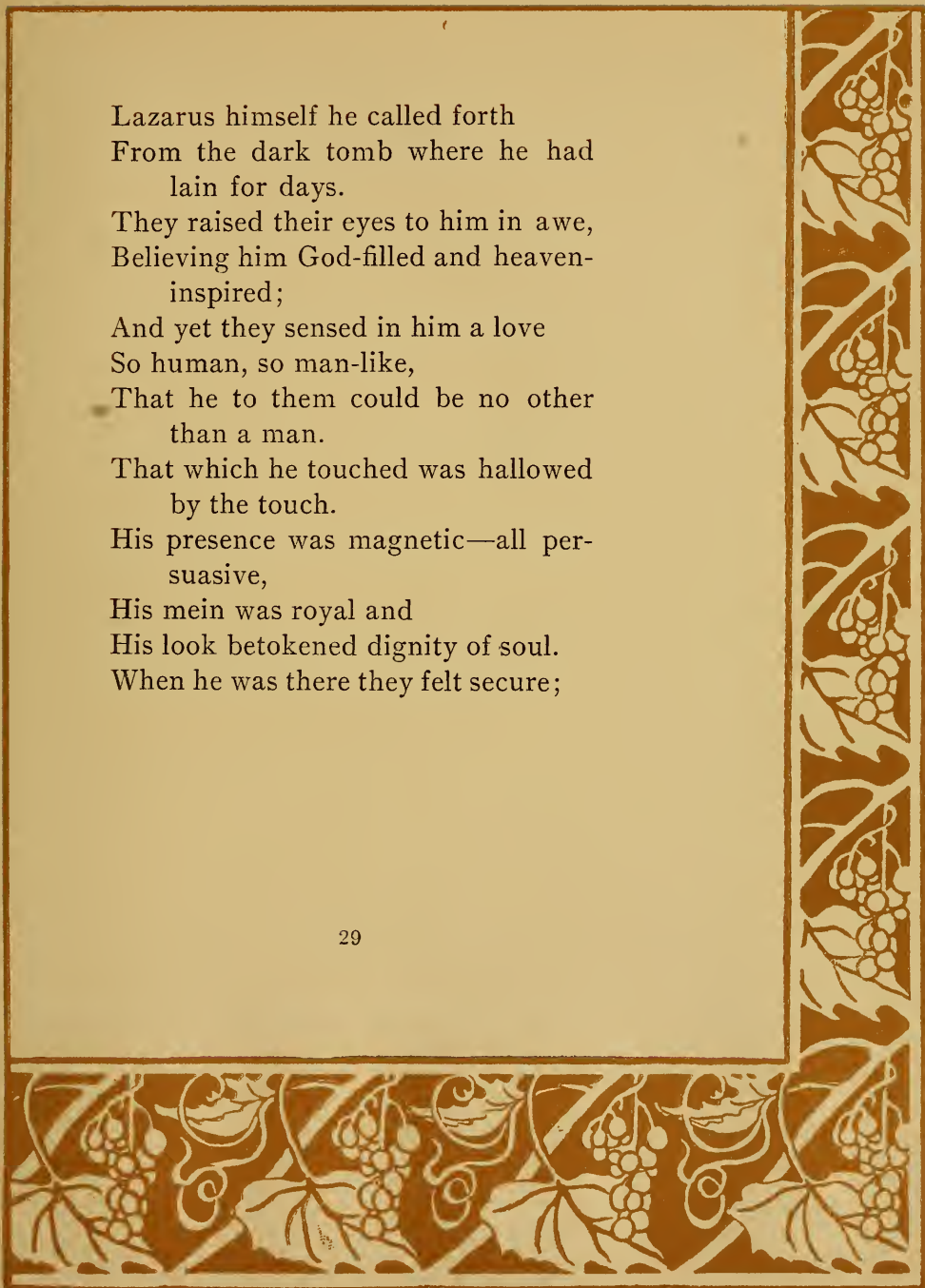
They raised their eyes to him in awe,
Believing him God-filled and heaven-
inspired;

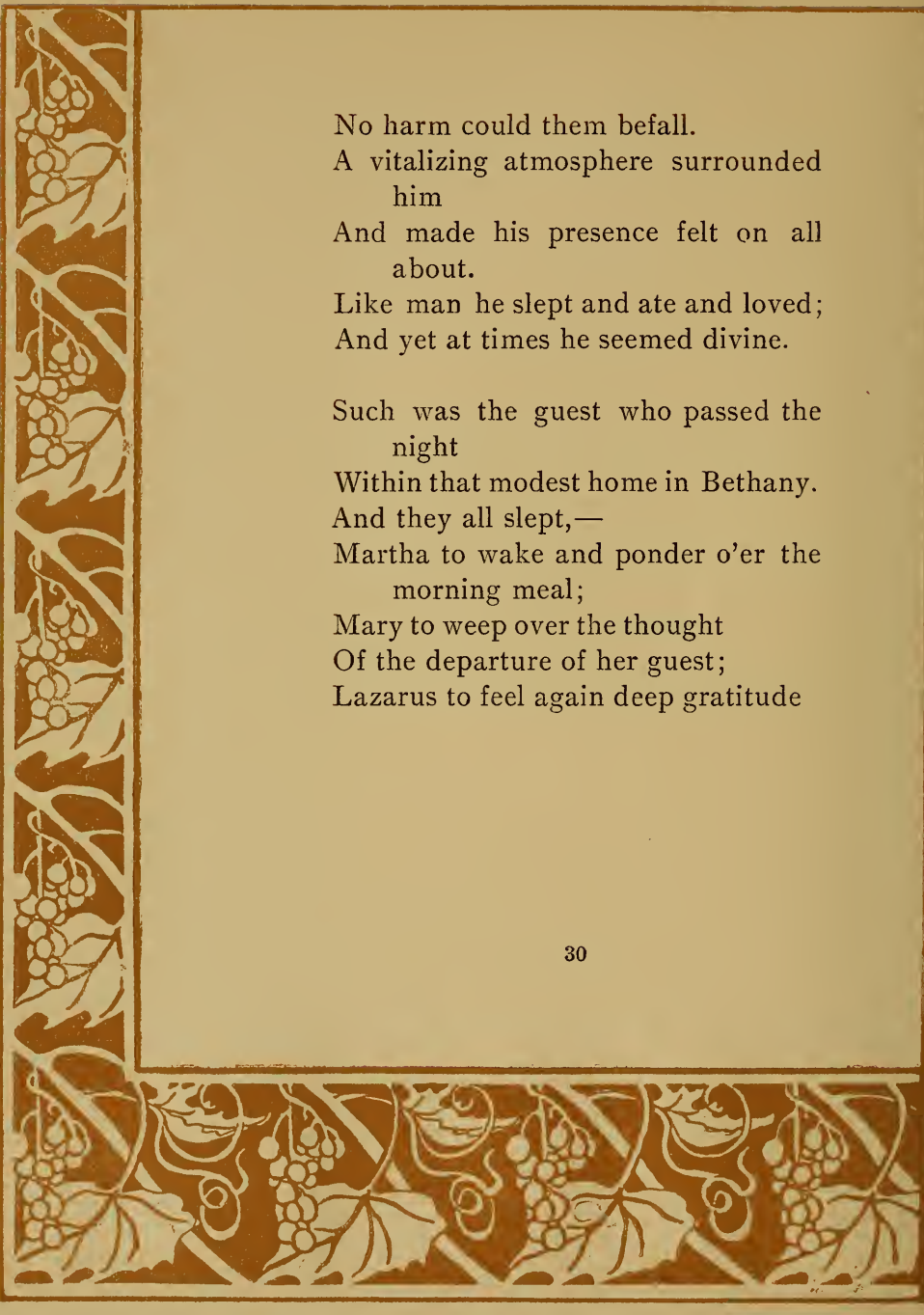
And yet they sensed in him a love
So human, so man-like,
That he to them could be no other
than a man.

That which he touched was hallowed
by the touch.

His presence was magnetic—all per-
suasive,

His mein was royal and
His look betokened dignity of soul.
When he was there they felt secure;





No harm could them befall.
A vitalizing atmosphere surrounded
him
And made his presence felt on all
about.
Like man he slept and ate and loved;
And yet at times he seemed divine.

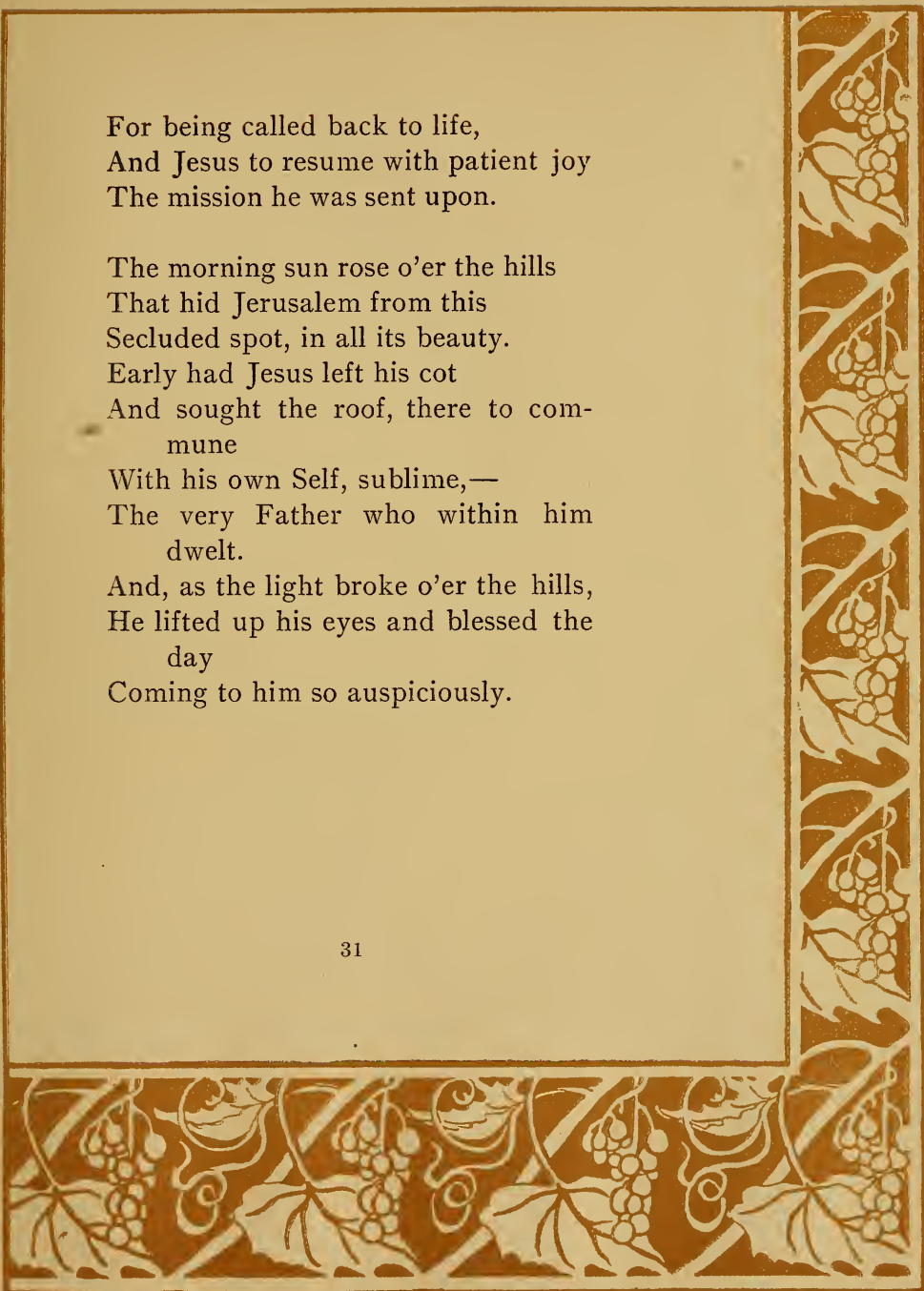
Such was the guest who passed the
night
Within that modest home in Bethany.
And they all slept,—
Martha to wake and ponder o'er the
morning meal;
Mary to weep over the thought
Of the departure of her guest;
Lazarus to feel again deep gratitude

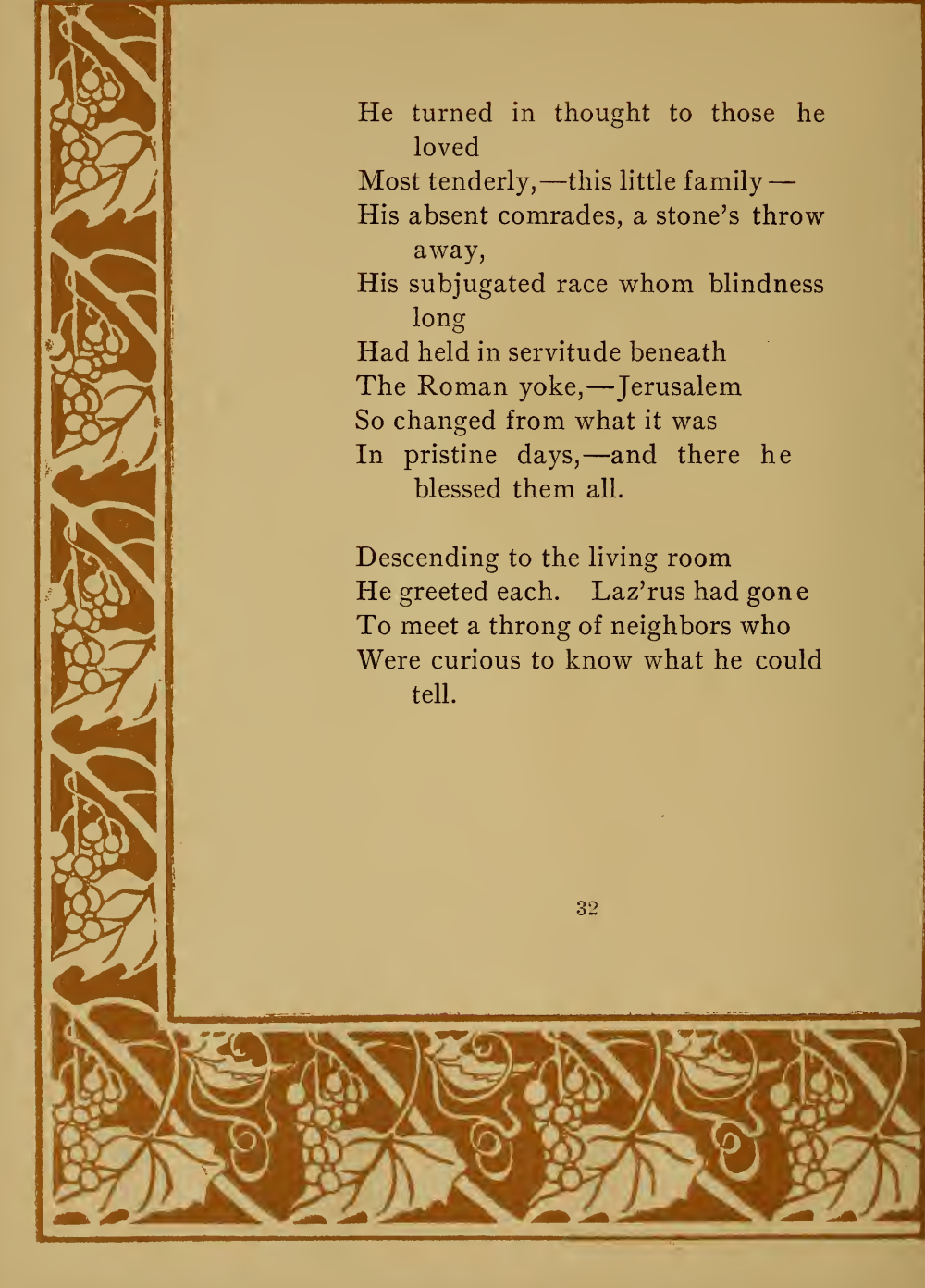
For being called back to life,
And Jesus to resume with patient joy
The mission he was sent upon.

The morning sun rose o'er the hills
That hid Jerusalem from this
Secluded spot, in all its beauty.
Early had Jesus left his cot
And sought the roof, there to commune

With his own Self, sublime,—
The very Father who within him
dwelt.

And, as the light broke o'er the hills,
He lifted up his eyes and blessed the
day
Coming to him so auspiciously.



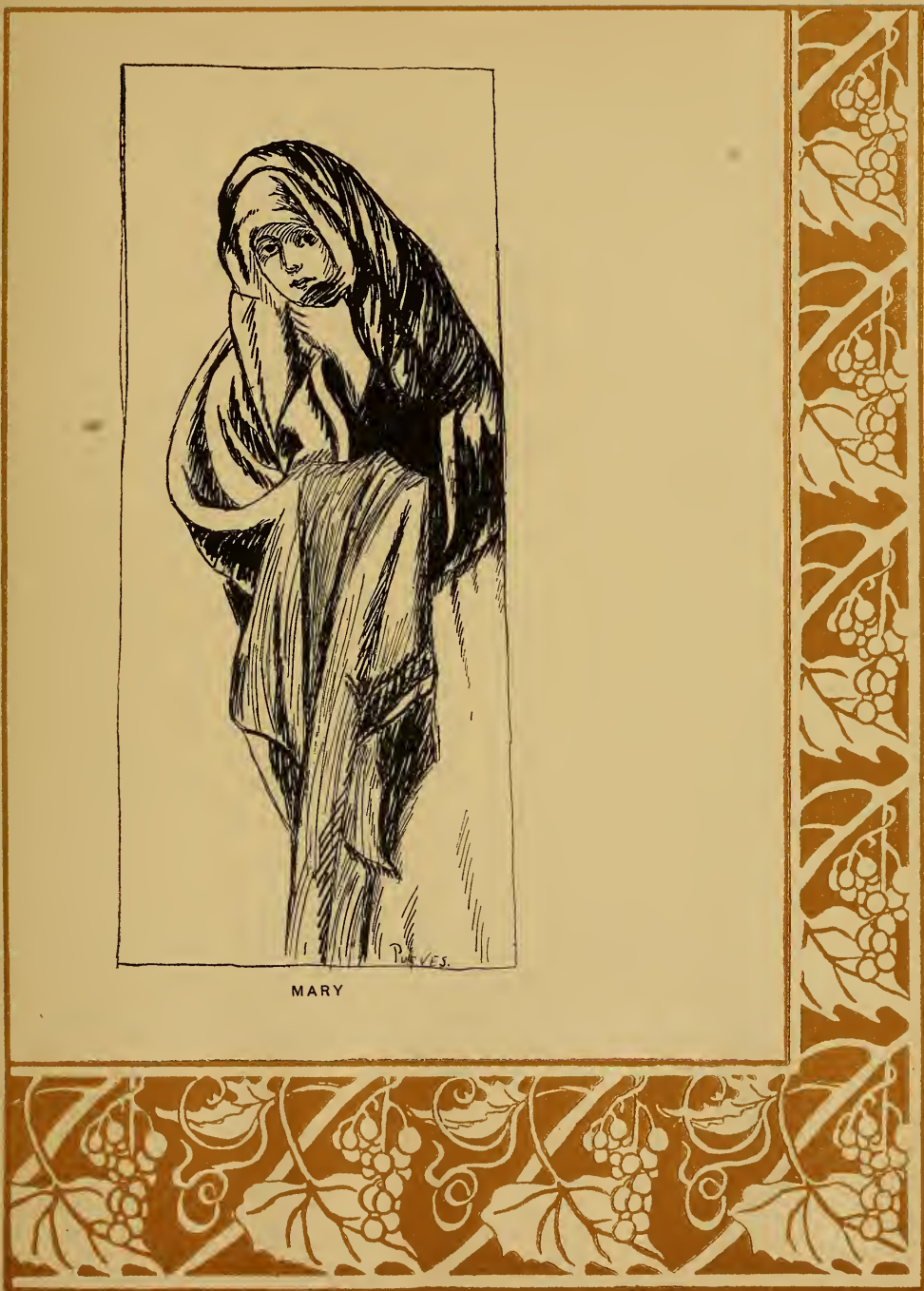


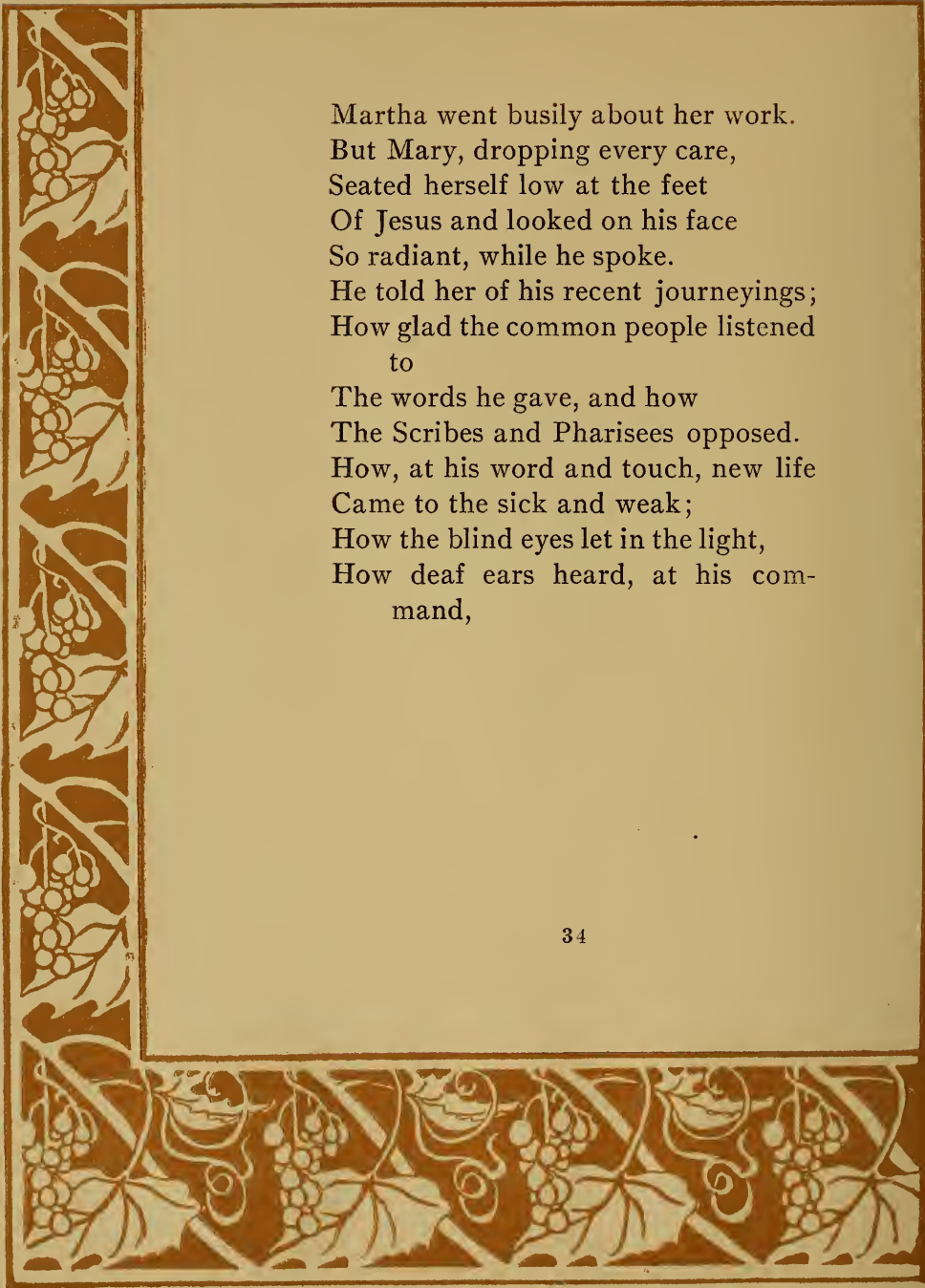
He turned in thought to those he
loved
Most tenderly,—this little family—
His absent comrades, a stone's throw
away,
His subjugated race whom blindness
long
Had held in servitude beneath
The Roman yoke,—Jerusalem
So changed from what it was
In pristine days,—and there he
blessed them all.

Descending to the living room
He greeted each. Laz'rus had gone
To meet a throng of neighbors who
Were curious to know what he could
tell.



MARY





Martha went busily about her work.
But Mary, dropping every care,
Seated herself low at the feet
Of Jesus and looked on his face
So radiant, while he spoke.
He told her of his recent journeyings;
How glad the common people listened
to

The words he gave, and how
The Scribes and Pharisees opposed.
How, at his word and touch, new life
Came to the sick and weak;
How the blind eyes let in the light,
How deaf ears heard, at his com-
mand,

How the lame walked, and melan-
choly fled
Before inspiring thought.

Sitting thus at his feet, this child
Of love drank in his words,
Filling with admiration as he passed
From scene to scene in the recital.

She uttered not a word, until,

After a pause, he said:

“Of all that I have done, nothing
Has left a keener sense of joy
In my own heart than raising from
the tomb
Our brother Lazarus.”

“Ah, Sire,” she said, as her hand
reached





For his, and the tears filled
Her large brown eyes, "You were so
good to us!

Why we should thus be singled out
And thus so honored by thy dear
Companionship and aid, I do not
know;

But, my dear Sire, our warmest
thanks

Are yours. Command me and
My very life for you

I would with joy lay down.

I tremble when I hear the muttered
threats

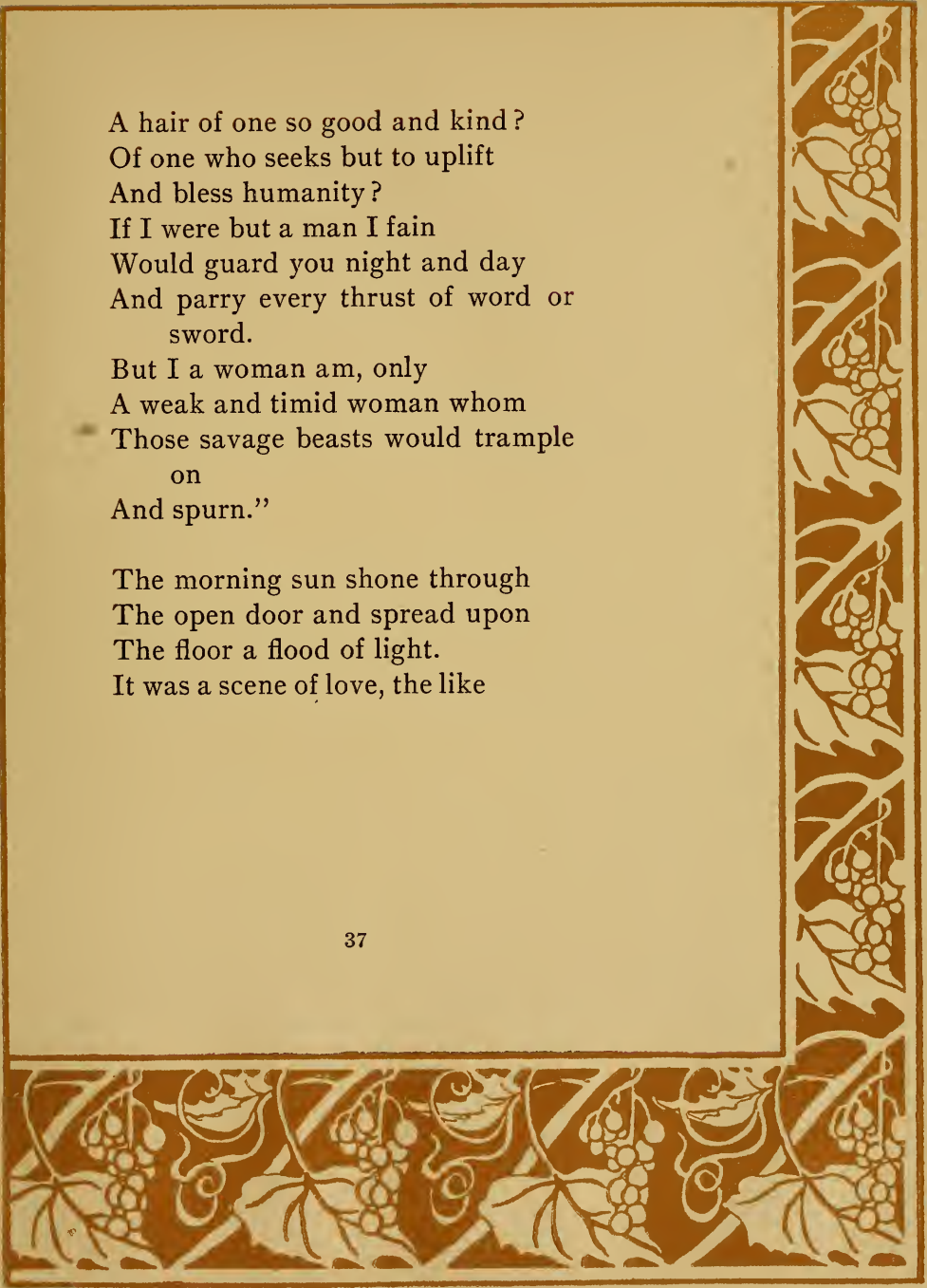
Of those who love you not.

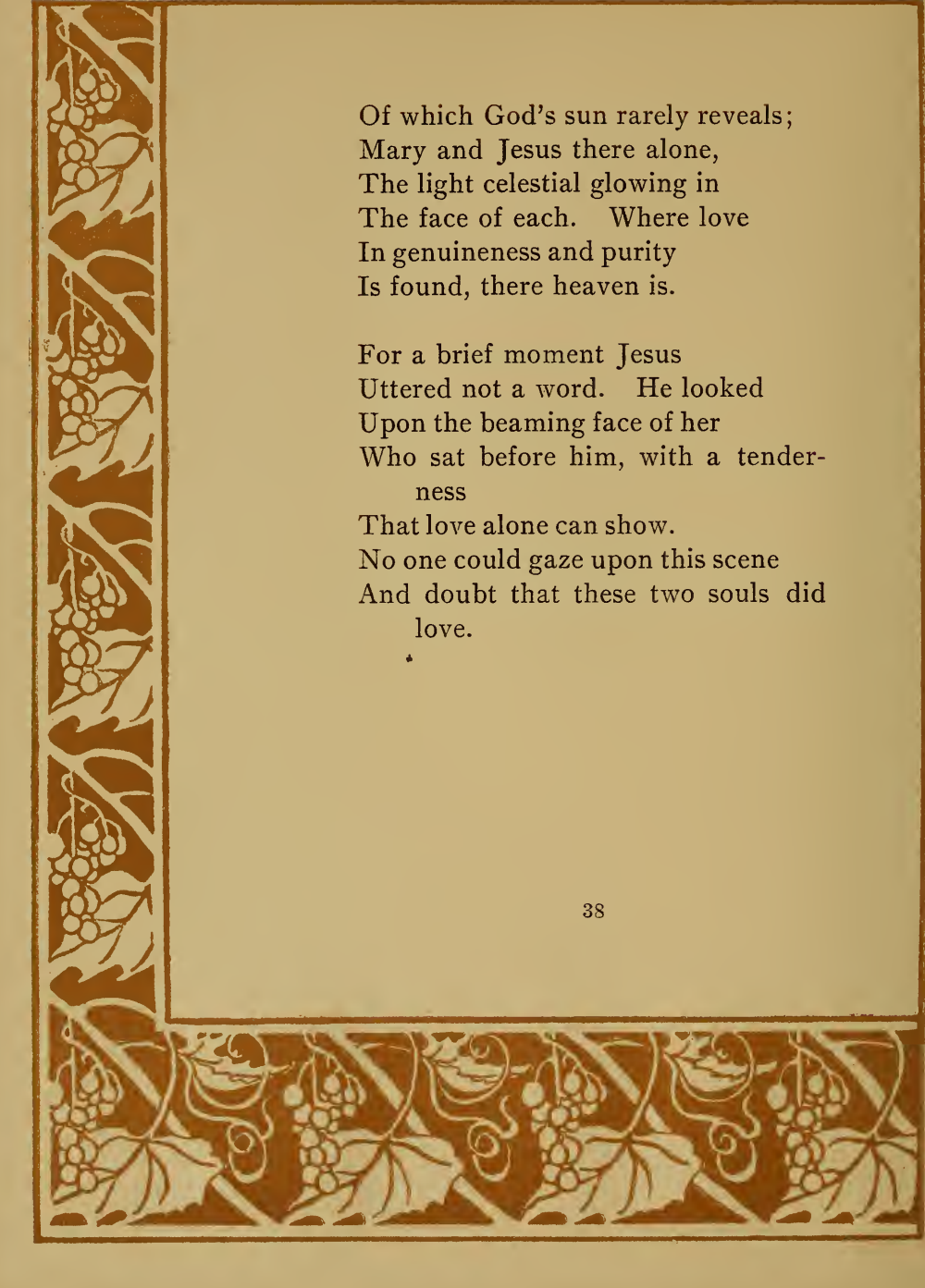
Ah, can it be that men would harm

A hair of one so good and kind?
Of one who seeks but to uplift
And bless humanity?
If I were but a man I fain
Would guard you night and day
And parry every thrust of word or
sword.

But I a woman am, only
A weak and timid woman whom
Those savage beasts would trample
on
And spurn."

The morning sun shone through
The open door and spread upon
The floor a flood of light.
It was a scene of love, the like





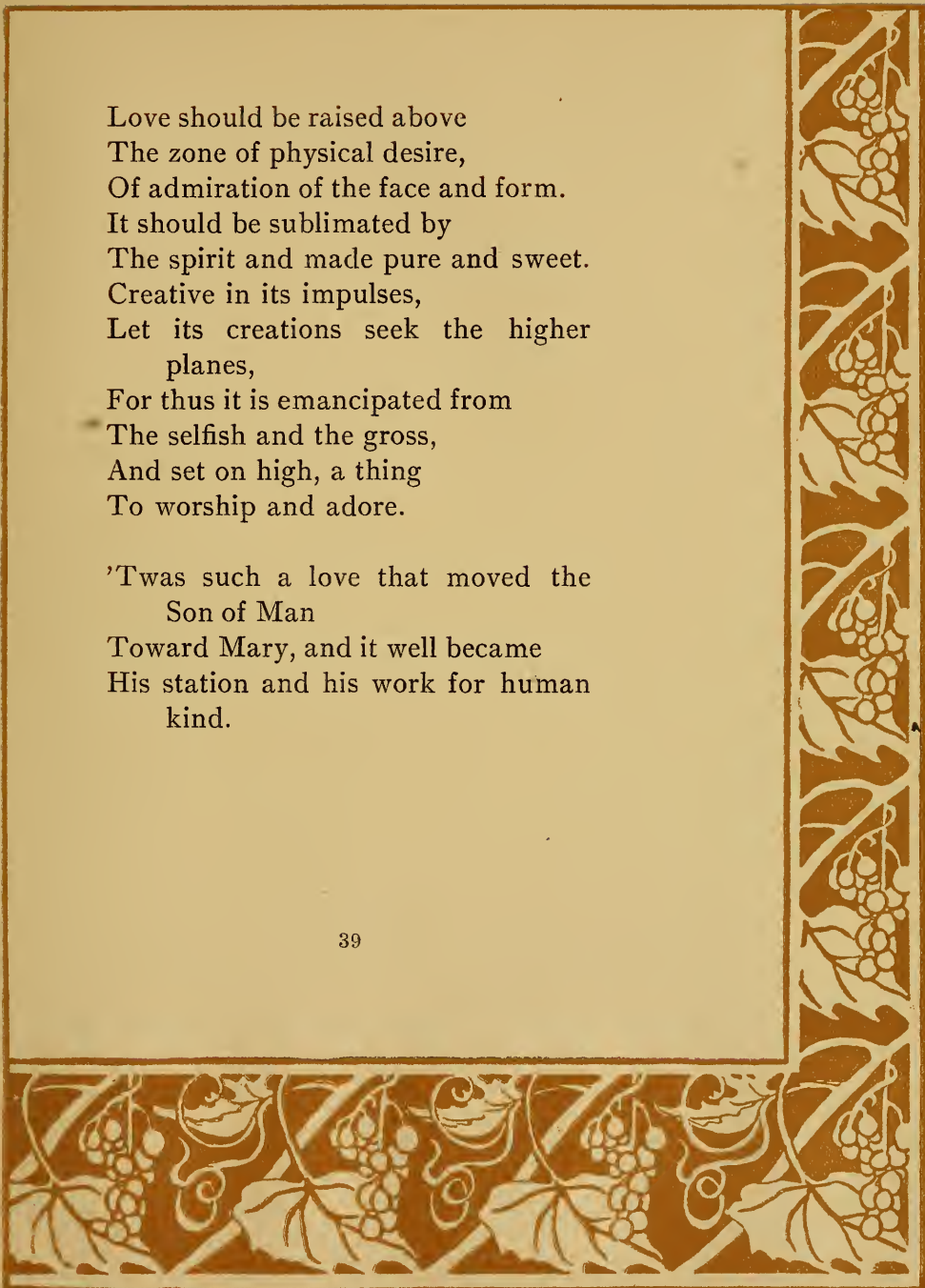
Of which God's sun rarely reveals;
Mary and Jesus there alone,
The light celestial glowing in
The face of each. Where love
In genuineness and purity
Is found, there heaven is.

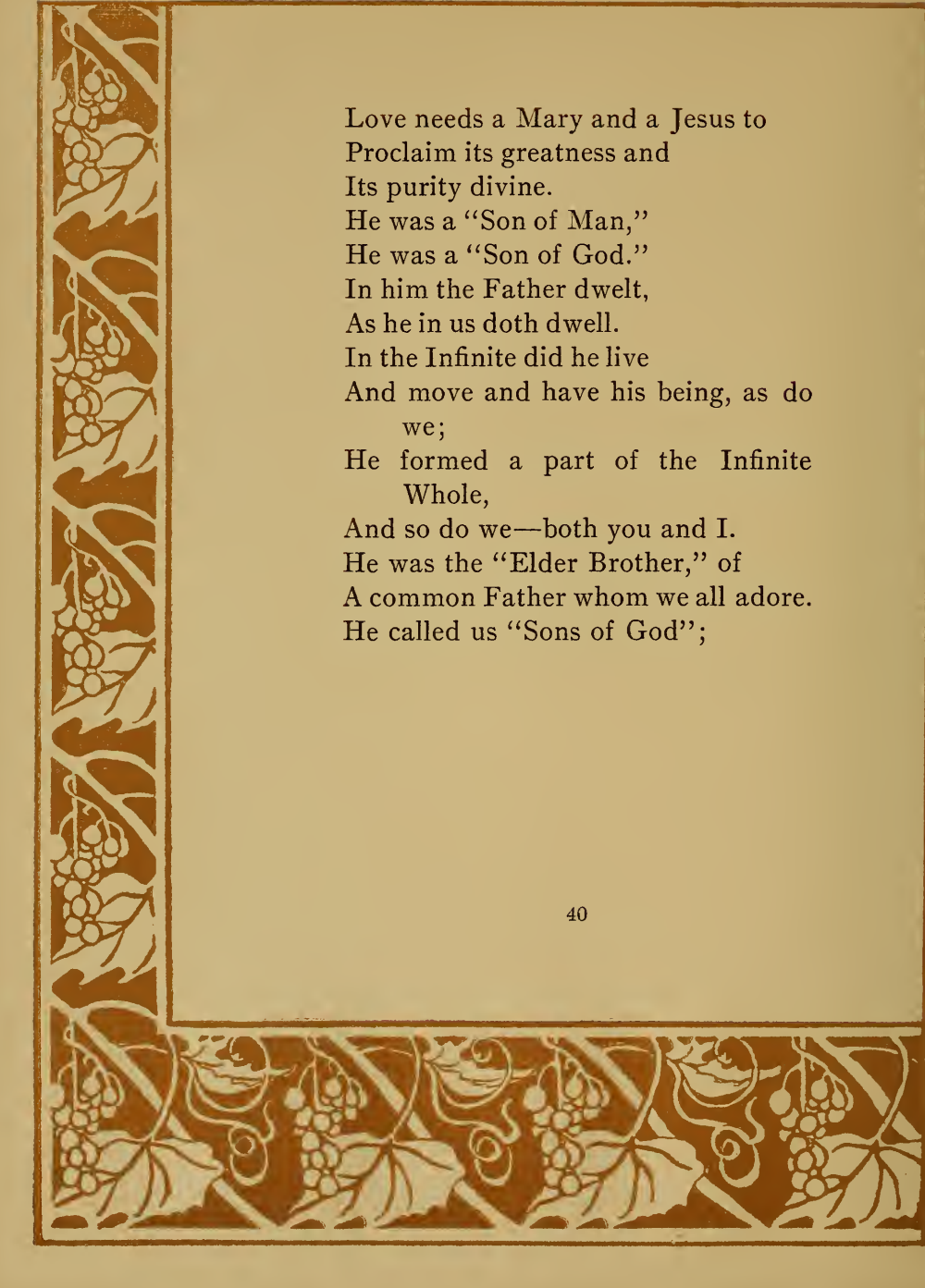
For a brief moment Jesus
Uttered not a word. He looked
Upon the beaming face of her
Who sat before him, with a tender-
ness
That love alone can show.
No one could gaze upon this scene
And doubt that these two souls did
love.

*

Love should be raised above
The zone of physical desire,
Of admiration of the face and form.
It should be sublimated by
The spirit and made pure and sweet.
Creative in its impulses,
Let its creations seek the higher
 planes,
For thus it is emancipated from
The selfish and the gross,
And set on high, a thing
To worship and adore.

'Twas such a love that moved the
 Son of Man
Toward Mary, and it well became
His station and his work for human
 kind.





Love needs a Mary and a Jesus to
Proclaim its greatness and
Its purity divine.
He was a "Son of Man,"
He was a "Son of God."
In him the Father dwelt,
As he in us doth dwell.
In the Infinite did he live
And move and have his being, as do
we;
He formed a part of the Infinite
Whole,
And so do we—both you and I.
He was the "Elder Brother," of
A common Father whom we all adore.
He called us "Sons of God";

He saves us by his life and word of
truth,
Not by his death.
Both "life and immortality
Are brought to light" through him.
He taught the power of faith
To overcome the world and raise
Man to his true estate.
Beelzebub they called him,
Denouncing all the truths he taught.
Whole truths he spoke, but men
See only half, and call him "God,"
And, though extolling him, do not
Conform to what he taught.

And then he said, to the expectant
maid,



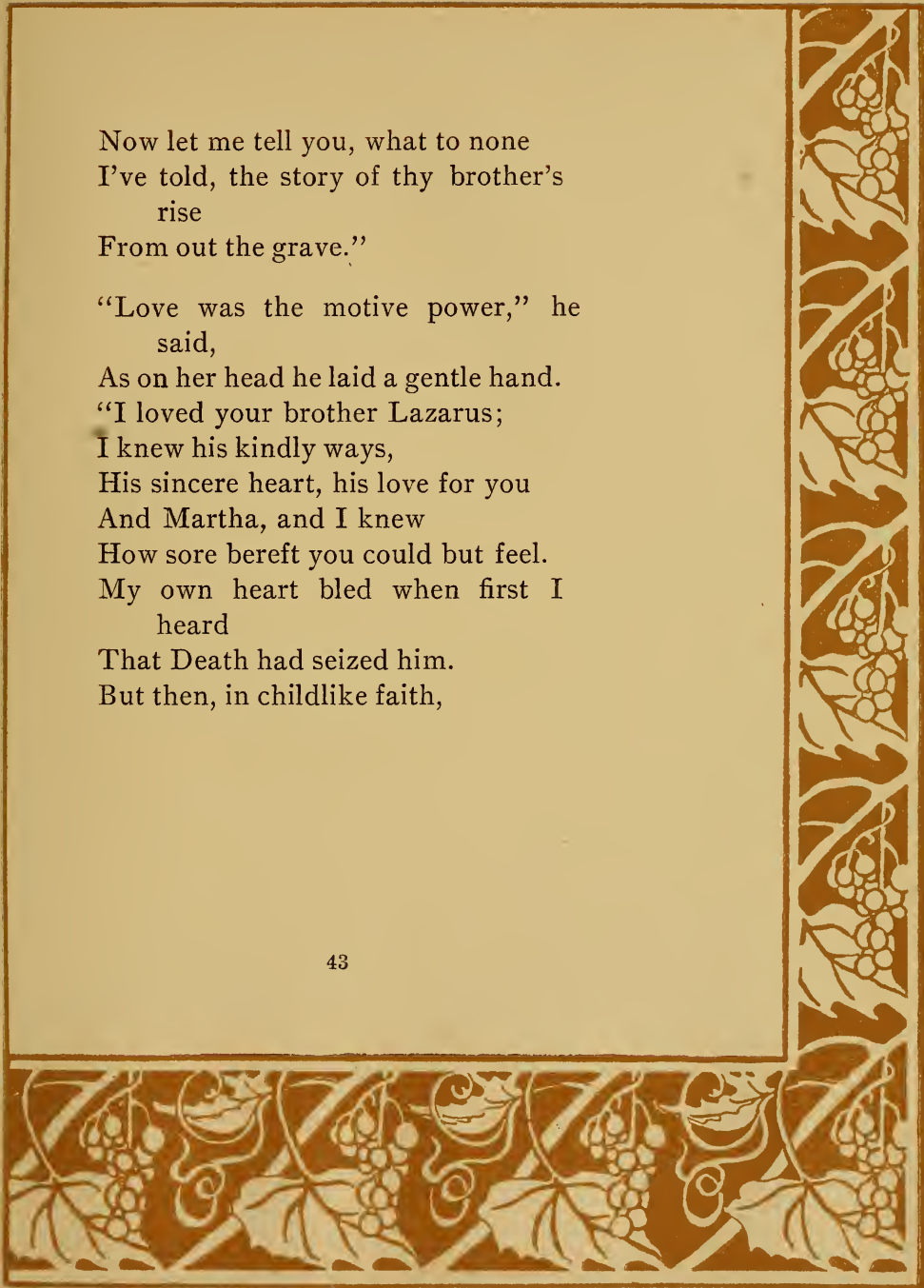
“You dear, devoted soul, I know your
heart.

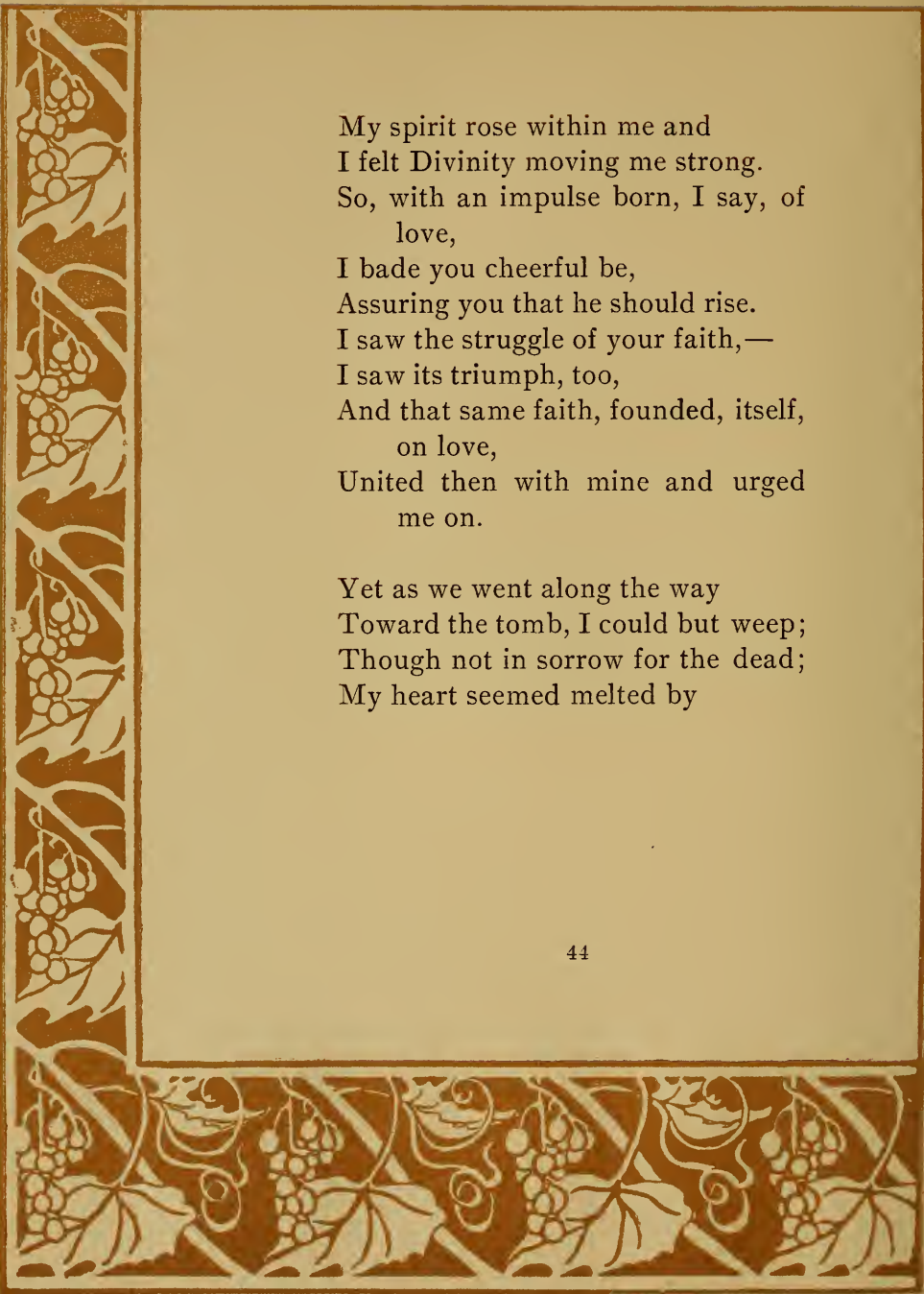
I knew it from the start, and loved
It well. Closer you come to me
Than any other of
My friends and comrades, dear,
I would that you could always with
Me be, as you would love to be.
But a stern mission is pressed home
Upon my soul, and I must see it
done.

Whither it urges me, thither I go
In all my manhood's strength,
To do my work. But I shall seek
Thee here where'er I can, for this
To me is home, and here I know
A loyal heart forever waits for me.

Now let me tell you, what to none
I've told, the story of thy brother's
 rise
From out the grave."

"Love was the motive power," he
 said,
As on her head he laid a gentle hand.
"I loved your brother Lazarus;
I knew his kindly ways,
His sincere heart, his love for you
And Martha, and I knew
How sore bereft you could but feel.
My own heart bled when first I
 heard
That Death had seized him.
But then, in childlike faith,





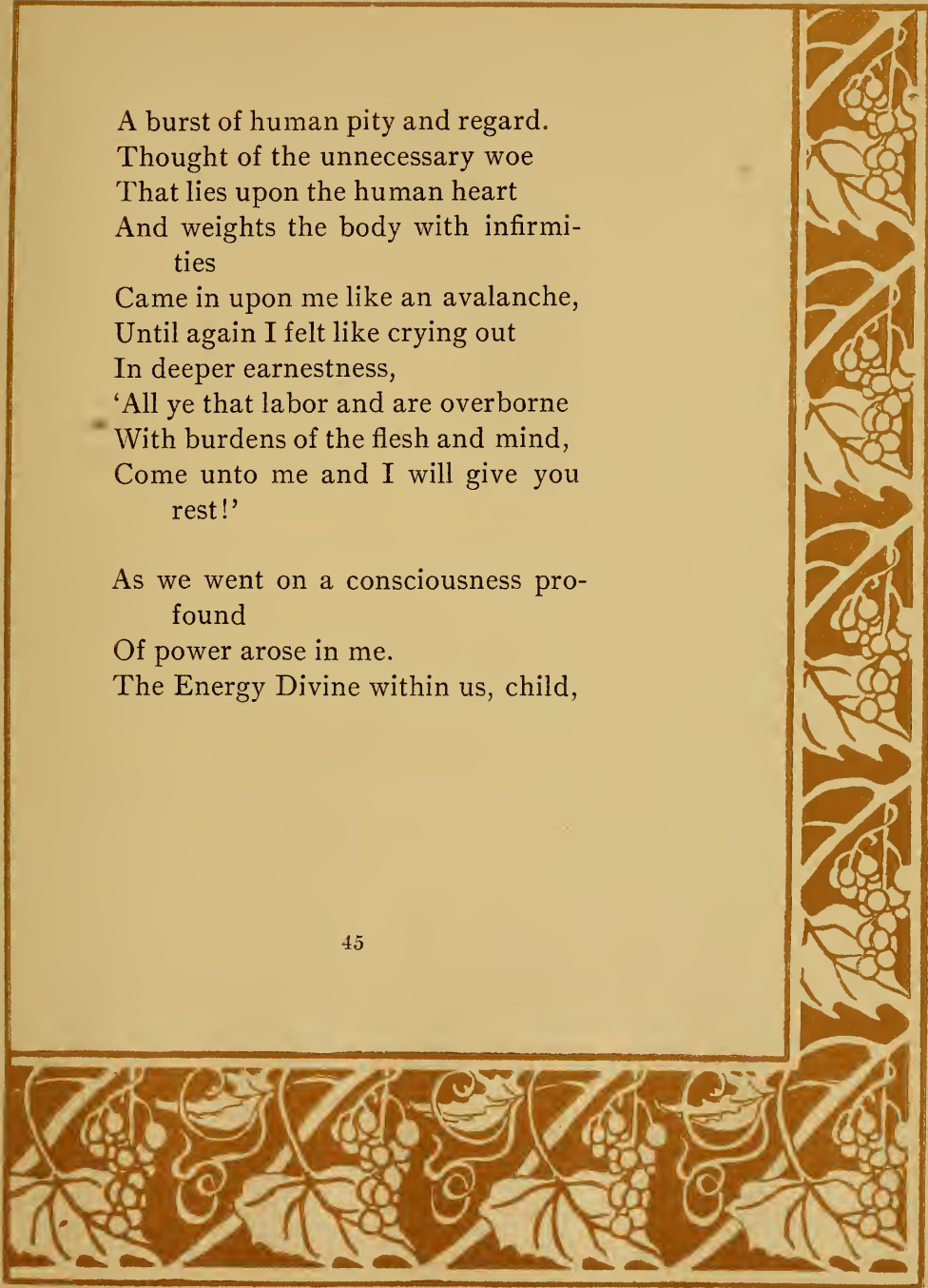
My spirit rose within me and
I felt Divinity moving me strong.
So, with an impulse born, I say, of
 love,
I bade you cheerful be,
Assuring you that he should rise.
I saw the struggle of your faith,—
I saw its triumph, too,
And that same faith, founded, itself,
 on love,
United then with mine and urged
 me on.

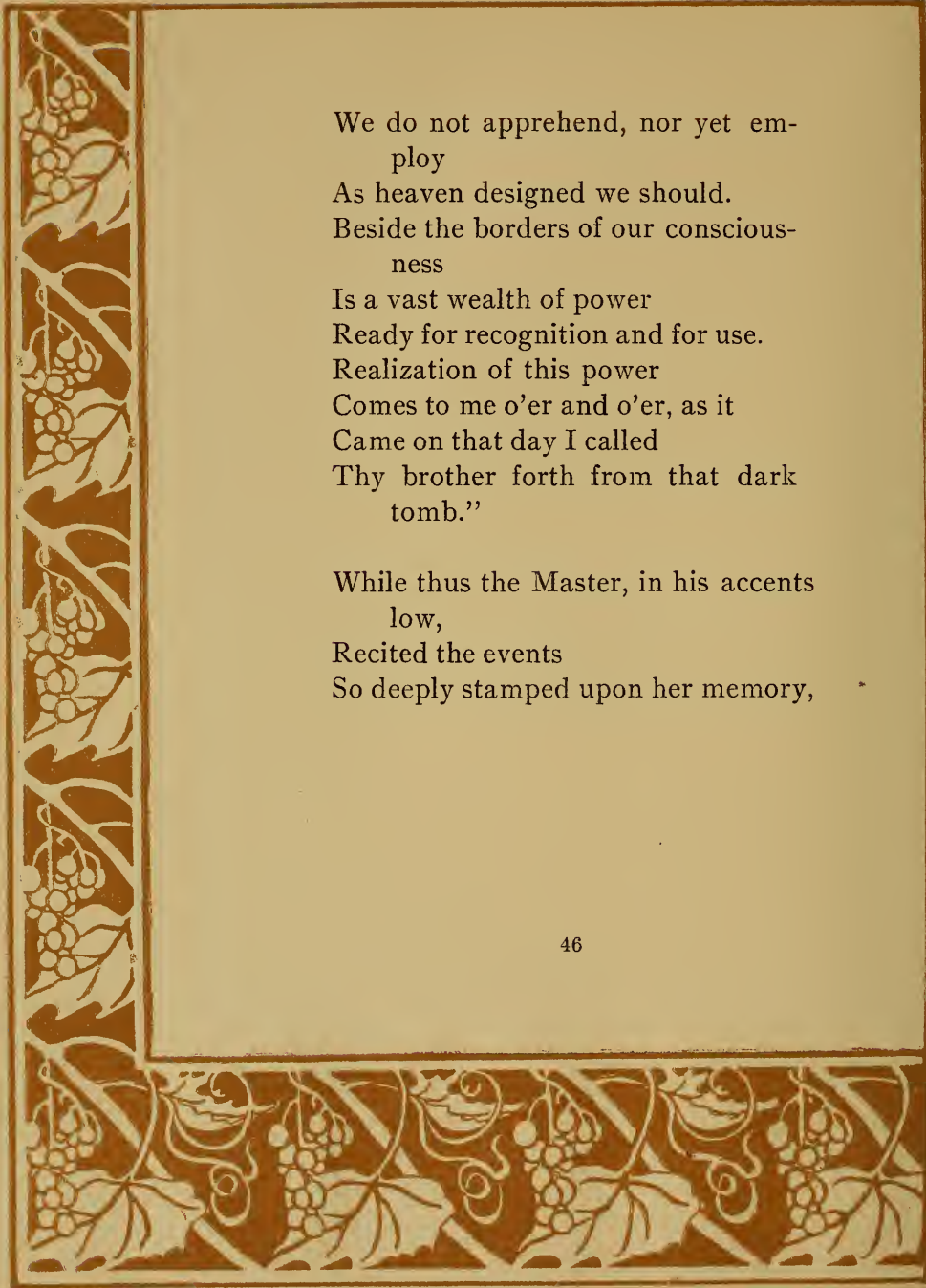
Yet as we went along the way
Toward the tomb, I could but weep;
Though not in sorrow for the dead;
My heart seemed melted by

A burst of human pity and regard.
Thought of the unnecessary woe
That lies upon the human heart
And weights the body with infirmi-
ties

Came in upon me like an avalanche,
Until again I felt like crying out
In deeper earnestness,
'All ye that labor and are overborne
With burdens of the flesh and mind,
Come unto me and I will give you
rest!'

As we went on a consciousness pro-
found
Of power arose in me.
The Energy Divine within us, child,





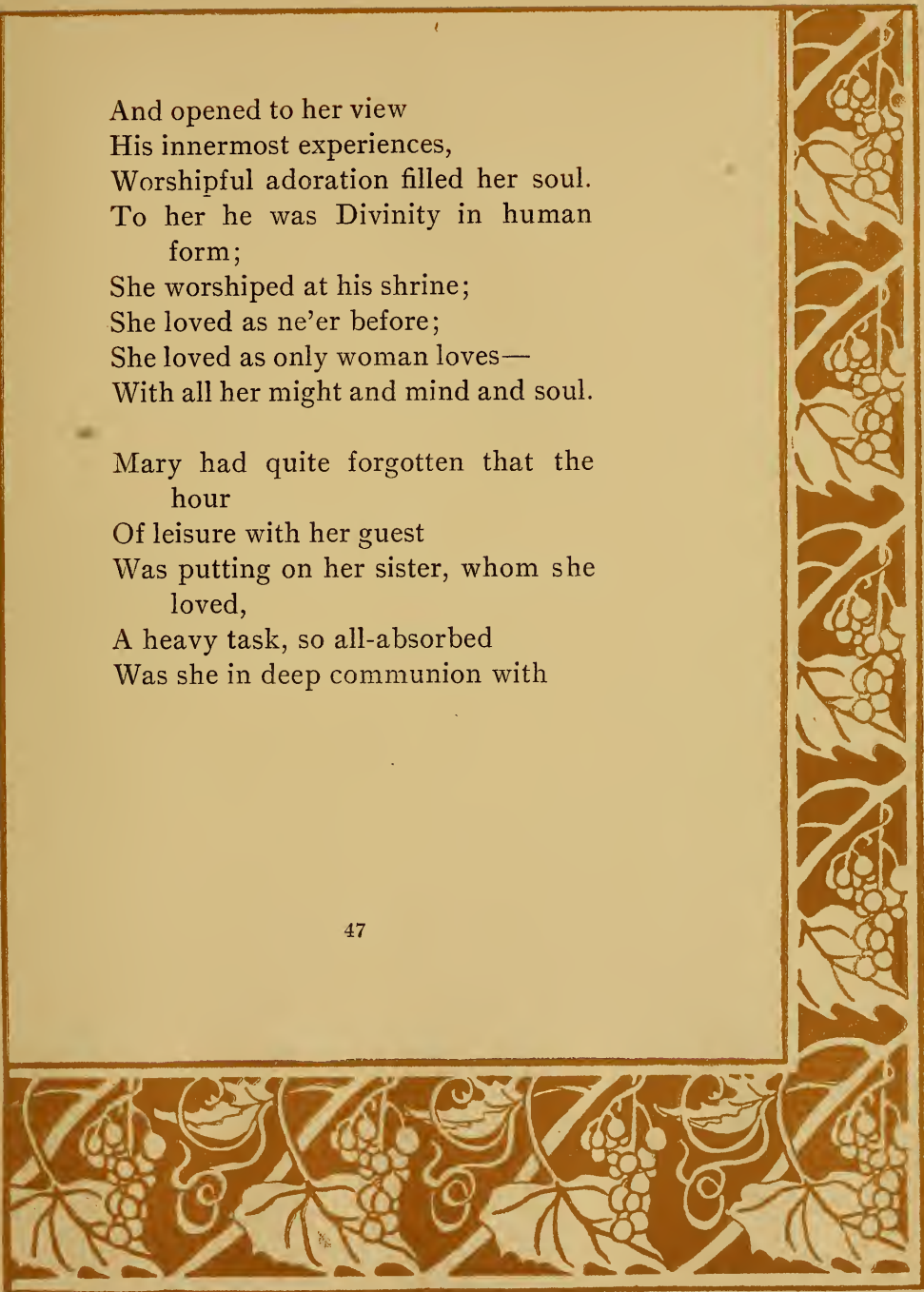
We do not apprehend, nor yet employ
As heaven designed we should.
Beside the borders of our consciousness
Is a vast wealth of power
Ready for recognition and for use.
Realization of this power
Comes to me o'er and o'er, as it
Came on that day I called
Thy brother forth from that dark tomb."

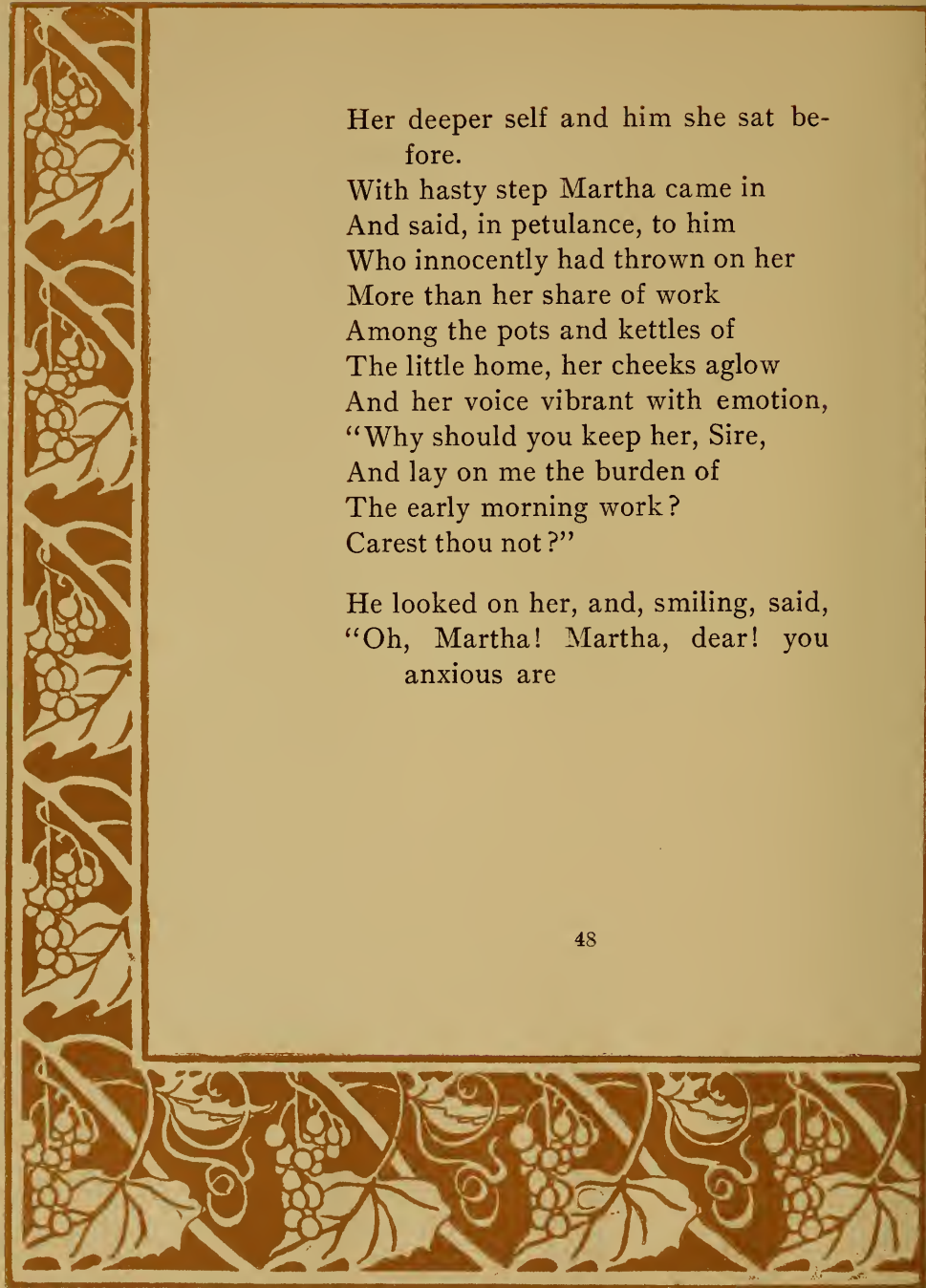
While thus the Master, in his accents
low,
Recited the events
So deeply stamped upon her memory,

And opened to her view
His innermost experiences,
Worshipful adoration filled her soul.
To her he was Divinity in human
form;

She worshiped at his shrine;
She loved as ne'er before;
She loved as only woman loves—
With all her might and mind and soul.

Mary had quite forgotten that the
hour
Of leisure with her guest
Was putting on her sister, whom she
loved,
A heavy task, so all-absorbed
Was she in deep communion with





Her deeper self and him she sat be-
fore.

With hasty step Martha came in
And said, in petulance, to him
Who innocently had thrown on her
More than her share of work
Among the pots and kettles of
The little home, her cheeks aglow
And her voice vibrant with emotion,
“Why should you keep her, Sire,
And lay on me the burden of
The early morning work?
Carest thou not?”

He looked on her, and, smiling, said,
“Oh, Martha! Martha, dear! you
anxious are

And troubled over many things.
One thing is needful, and your
 sister, here,
That better part hath chosen, which
From her shall ne'er be taken.
Be not so much concerned about
The frills and fringes of your daily
 life,
But set your heart on higher things—
The things that last.
I thank you for the service you have
 done;
'Tis needful that we eat and sleep,
And do the daily tasks pertaining to
Domestic life, and Mary ever has
Her part well borne in these.



But there is hunger of the heart and
soul

Far more essential, which, neglected,
starves

The best there is in us,
And makes our lives, otherwise rich,
Barren and fruitless.

So chide us not, my sister dear,
But join us, if you will, and hear
The story of thy brother's rise."

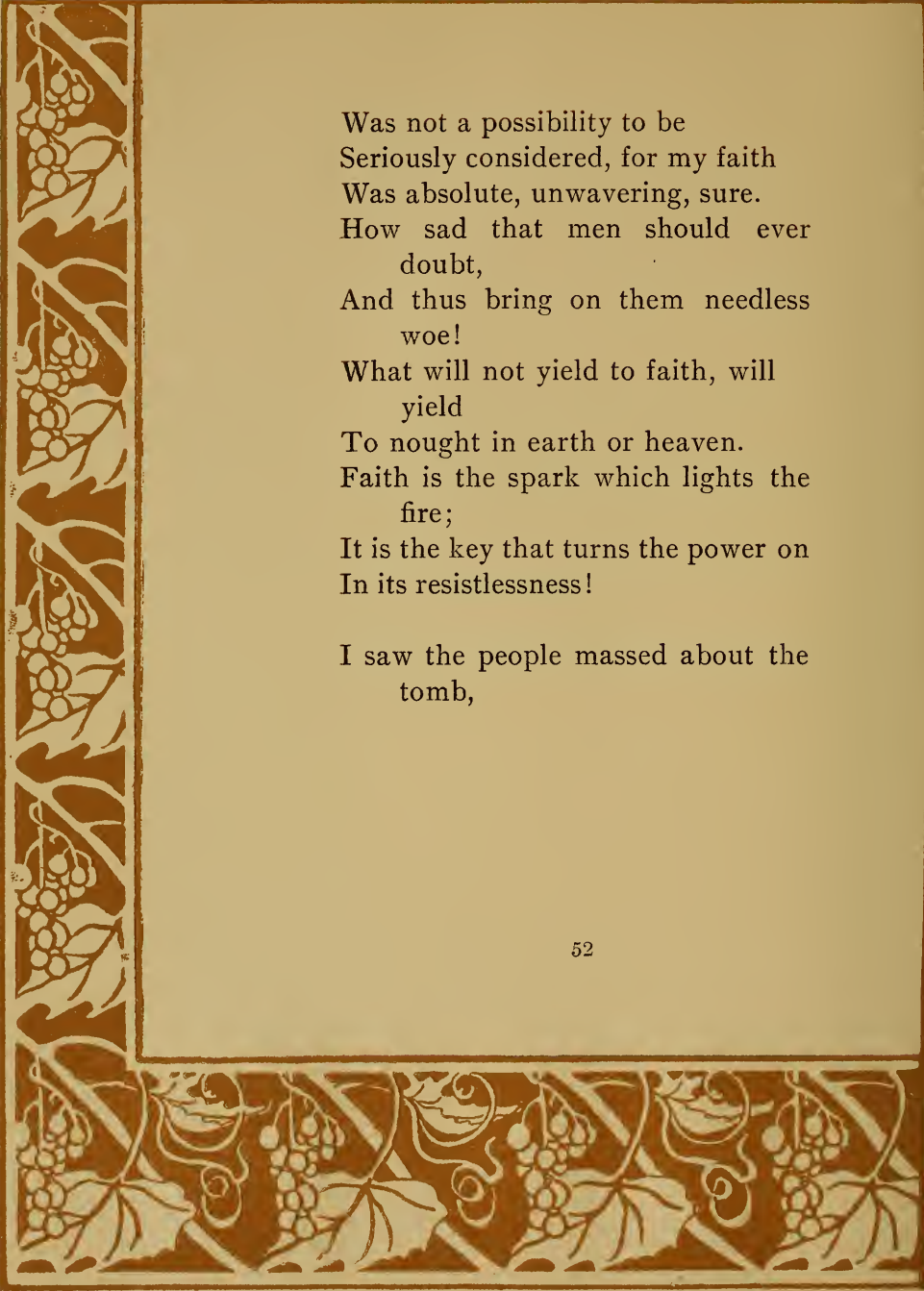
Touched by the kind rebuke, Martha
Sat down beside her sister, where
The sunlight lay upon the floor,
And listened while her guest
Again resumed his recital.

"Before you entered," he continued,

“To Mary I rehearsed my feelings on
The way whither you sisters had
His body carried to the tomb
Before you sought me out,—
The way in which our little com-
pany,
Bent on relief, that day passed on.

At last we stood before the tomb.
It was a solemn moment, for
I knew what it would mean to you
To have him come forth warm and
well.
That his dull ears should fail to
hear
My voice, when I should bid him
rise,





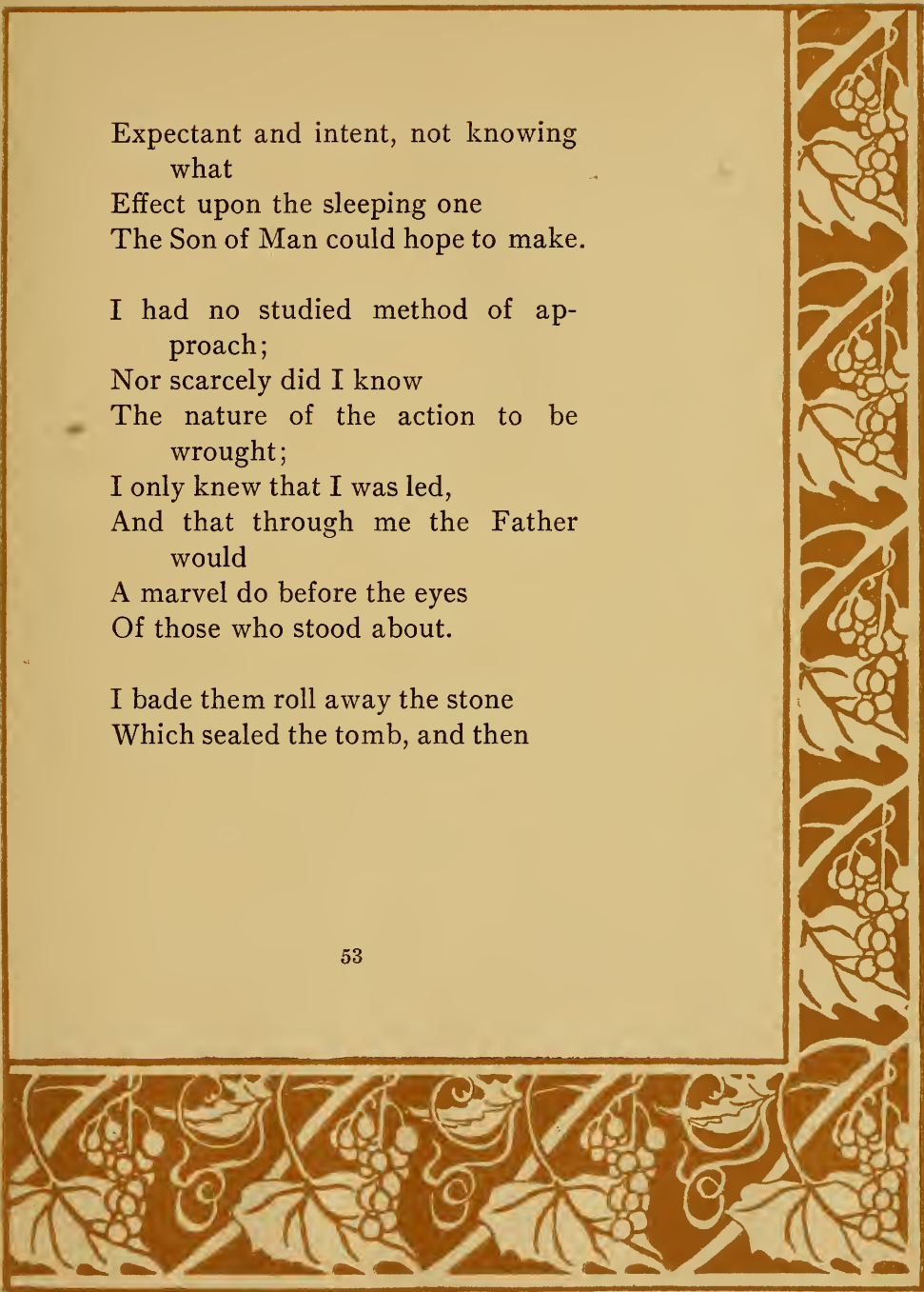
Was not a possibility to be
Seriously considered, for my faith
Was absolute, unwavering, sure.
How sad that men should ever
 doubt,
And thus bring on them needless
 woe!
What will not yield to faith, will
 yield
To nought in earth or heaven.
Faith is the spark which lights the
 fire;
It is the key that turns the power on
In its resistlessness!

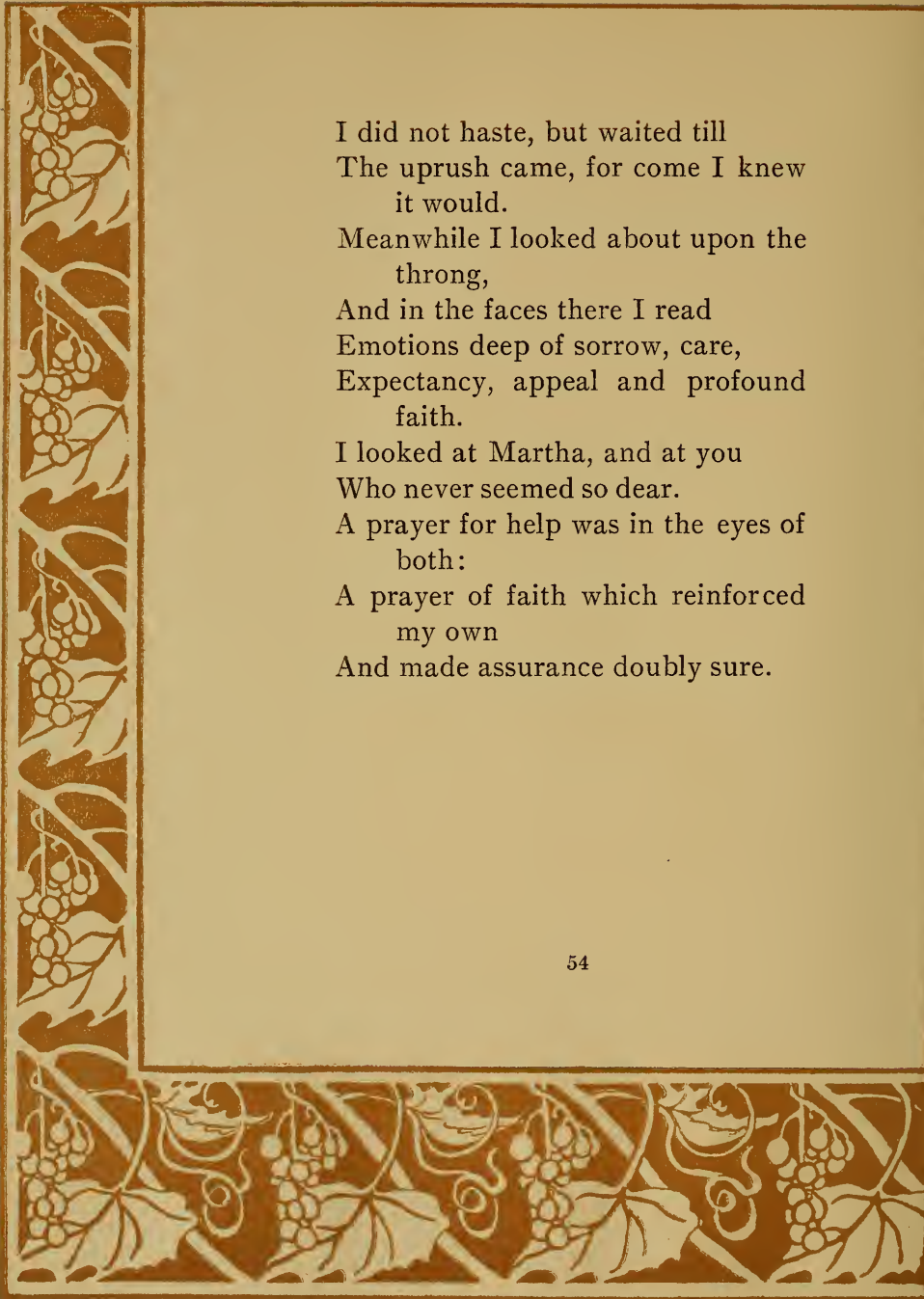
I saw the people massed about the
 tomb,

Expectant and intent, not knowing
 what
Effect upon the sleeping one
The Son of Man could hope to make.

I had no studied method of ap-
 proach;
Nor scarcely did I know
The nature of the action to be
 wrought;
I only knew that I was led,
And that through me the Father
 would
A marvel do before the eyes
Of those who stood about.

I bade them roll away the stone
Which sealed the tomb, and then





I did not haste, but waited till
The uprush came, for come I knew
it would.

Meanwhile I looked about upon the
throng,

And in the faces there I read
Emotions deep of sorrow, care,
Expectancy, appeal and profound
faith.

I looked at Martha, and at you
Who never seemed so dear.

A prayer for help was in the eyes of
both:

A prayer of faith which reinforced
my own

And made assurance doubly sure.

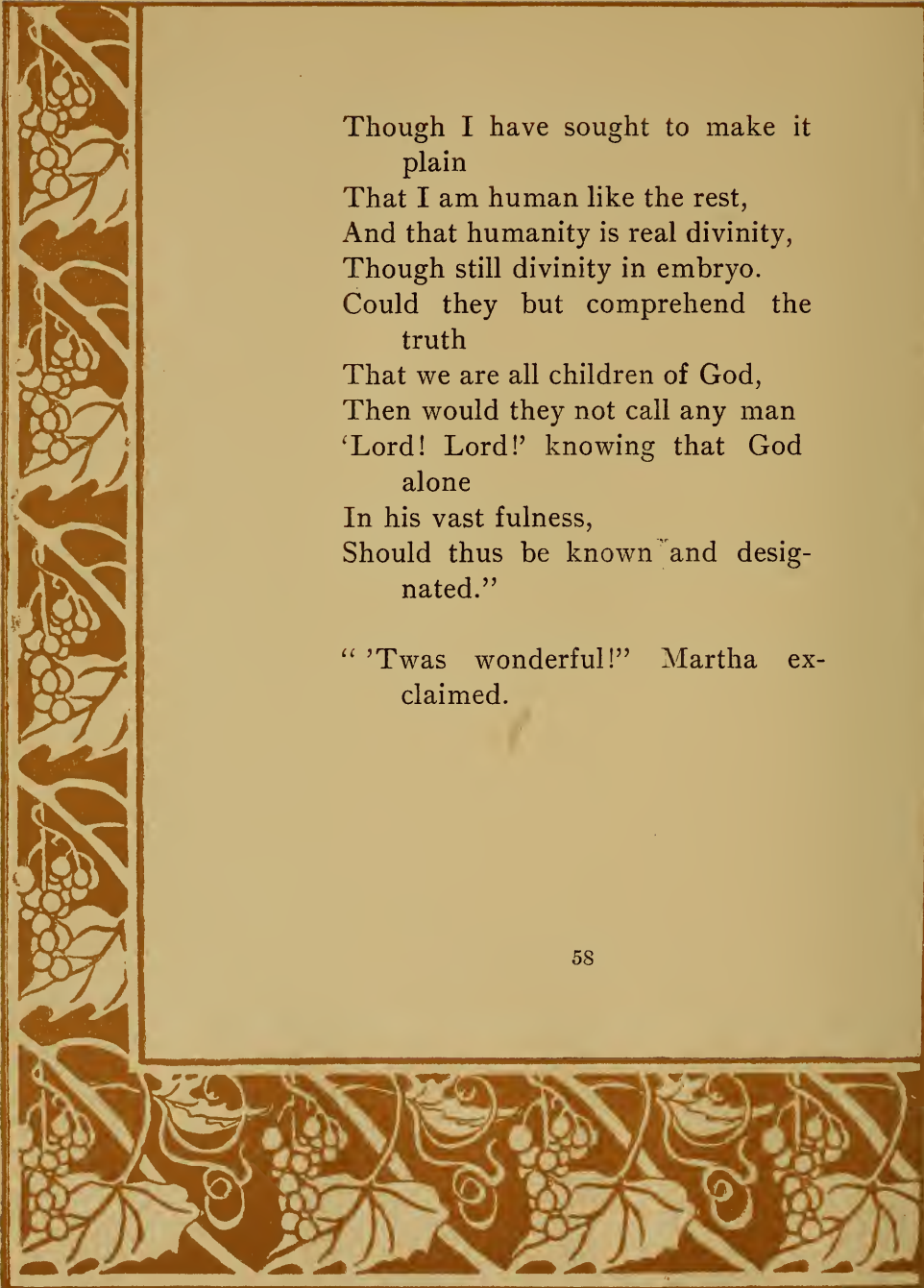


LAZARUS



Immediately my course was clear;
Assurance filled my soul;
The Father bade me call thy
 brother back to life.
Power, resistless, restless, urgent,
Waited upon the word.
I raised my eyes and voice in grati-
 tude
To him who had us heard, and
 blessed his name.
Potentially the deed already had
 been done,
And so I called thy brother not to
 rise,
But to 'Come forth'—and forth
 he came.

Man's thaumaturgic powers
Are in him, but they are not his.
It was the Father,—God,—not I,
Who raised thy brother Lazarus.
And yet we all are one.
We do God no dishonor when
We call the power ours.
The spirit and the purpose are
What give the deed its character.
We cannot mock him, nor deceive—
He knows our hearts and lives,—
And he is pleased to see his children
 show
Their confidence and power.
The superstitious and the ignorant
Persist in calling me 'Lord! Lord!'



Though I have sought to make it
plain

That I am human like the rest,
And that humanity is real divinity,
Though still divinity in embryo.
Could they but comprehend the
truth

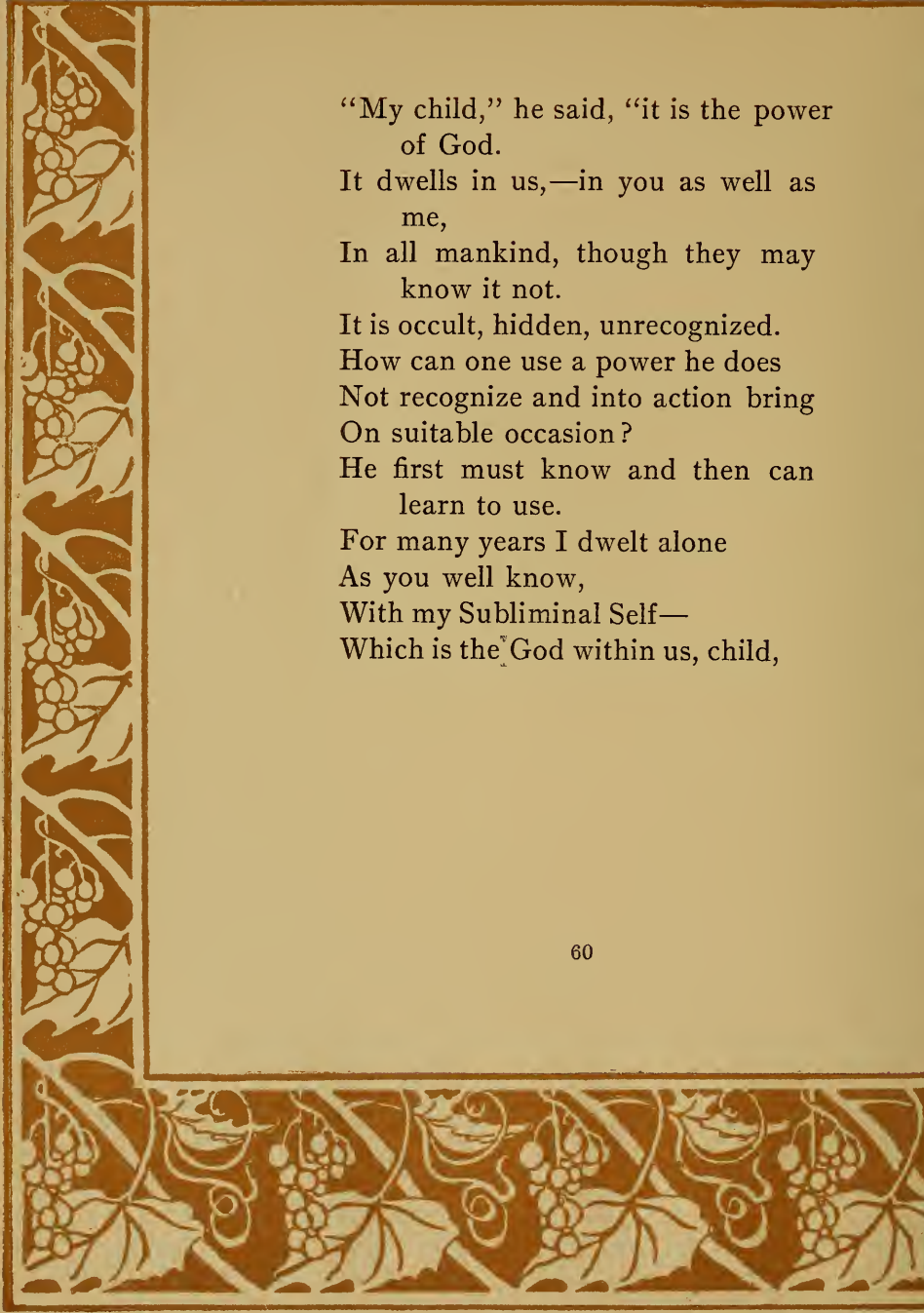
That we are all children of God,
Then would they not call any man
'Lord! Lord!' knowing that God
alone

In his vast fulness,
Should thus be known and design-
ated."

" 'Twas wonderful!" Martha ex-
claimed.

“How came you by this marvelous
power,
My Sire?—this power that heals the
sick,
Opens blind eyes, gives the weak
strength,
And brings again to life those who
were dead?
It passes comprehension, Sire;
What power but God’s could do all
this?
We knew you as a youth;
And, though the people said
You were begot by God’s own power
And were a king in embryo,
We always thought you but a man.”





“My child,” he said, “it is the power
of God.

It dwells in us,—in you as well as
me,

In all mankind, though they may
know it not.

It is occult, hidden, unrecognized.

How can one use a power he does

Not recognize and into action bring

On suitable occasion?

He first must know and then can
learn to use.

For many years I dwelt alone

As you well know,

With my Subliminal Self—

Which is the God within us, child,

Communing with him, hushing the
senses,

Subjugating the body and the mind
To the one purpose of control.

He who would aid his fellow men
And do aright the work designed for
him

Must first bring every action well
Into alignment with his will.

He must be Master of himself.

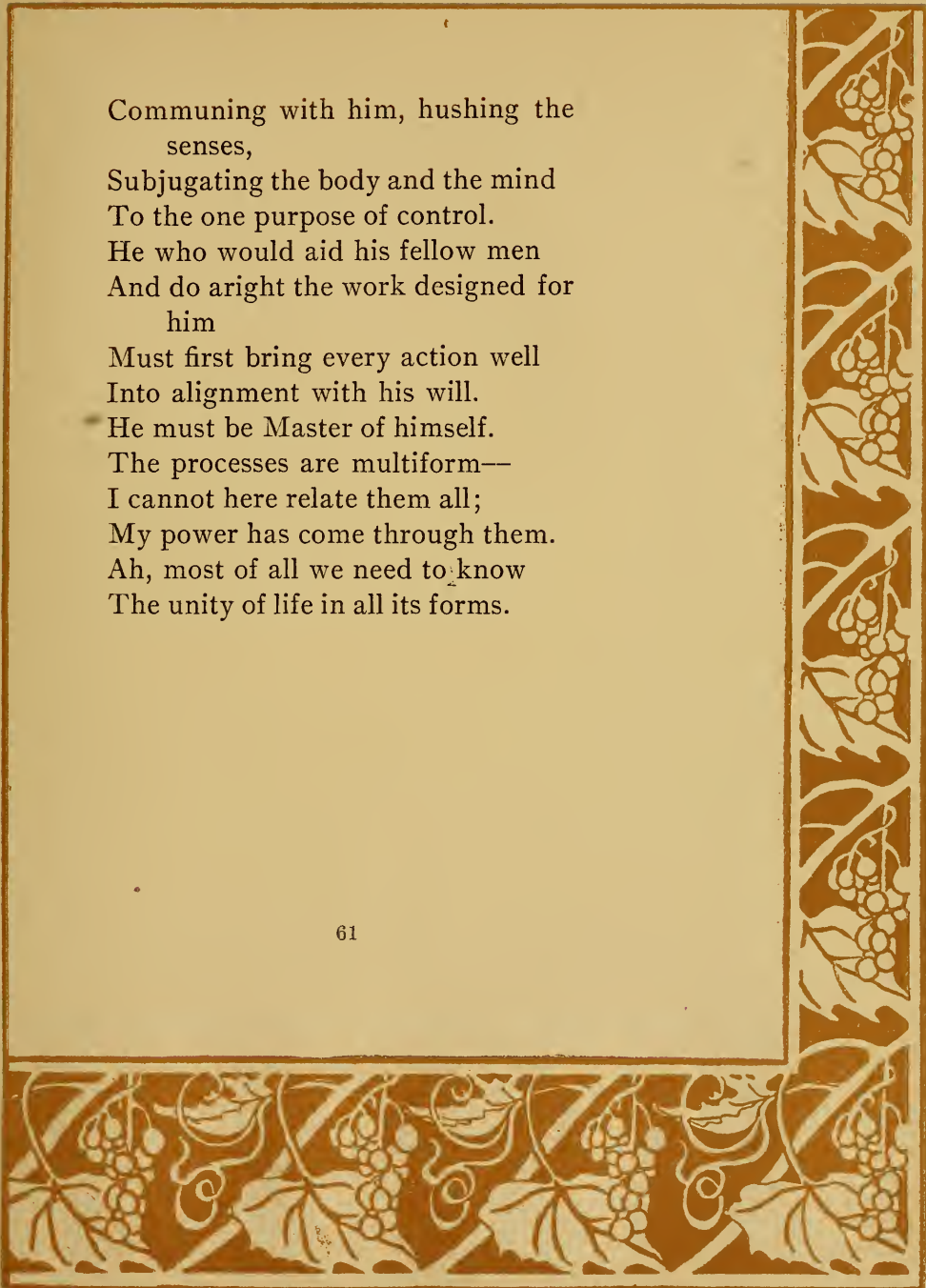
The processes are multiform—

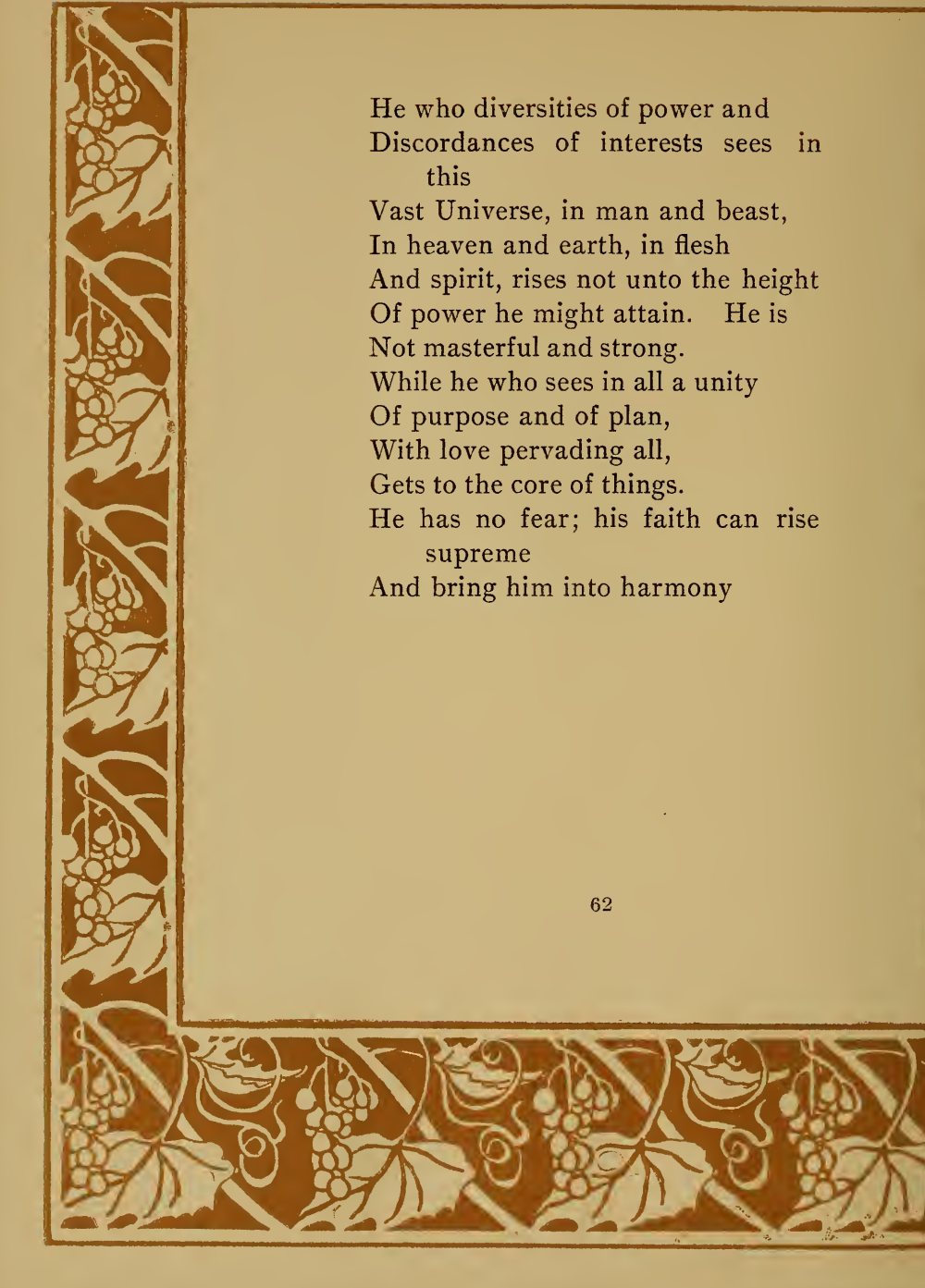
I cannot here relate them all;

My power has come through them.

Ah, most of all we need to know

The unity of life in all its forms.





He who diversities of power and
Discordances of interests sees in
this

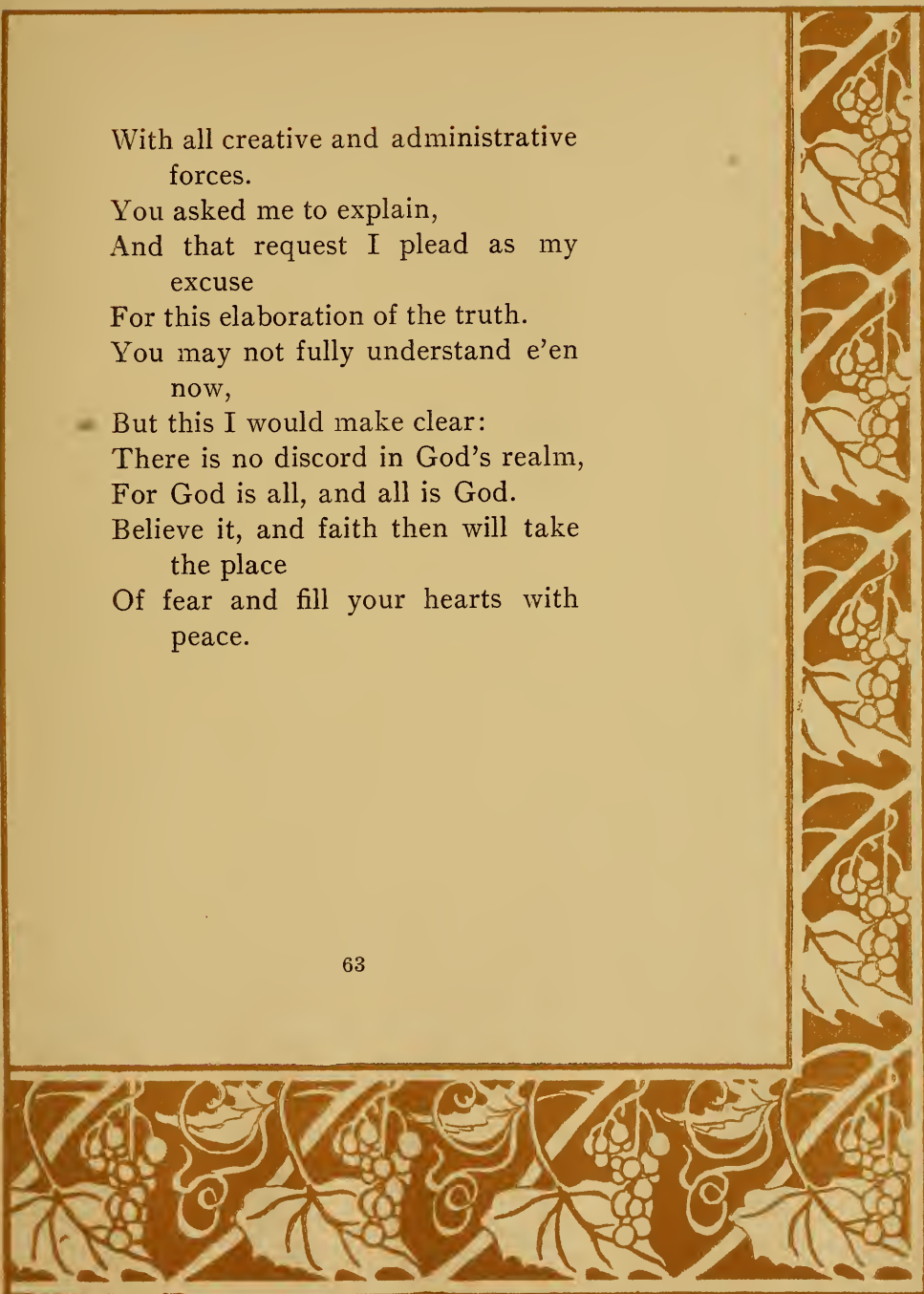
Vast Universe, in man and beast,
In heaven and earth, in flesh
And spirit, rises not unto the height
Of power he might attain. He is
Not masterful and strong.
While he who sees in all a unity
Of purpose and of plan,
With love pervading all,
Gets to the core of things.
He has no fear; his faith can rise
supreme
And bring him into harmony

With all creative and administrative
forces.

You asked me to explain,
And that request I plead as my
excuse

For this elaboration of the truth.
You may not fully understand e'en
now,

But this I would make clear:
There is no discord in God's realm,
For God is all, and all is God.
Believe it, and faith then will take
the place
Of fear and fill your hearts with
peace.





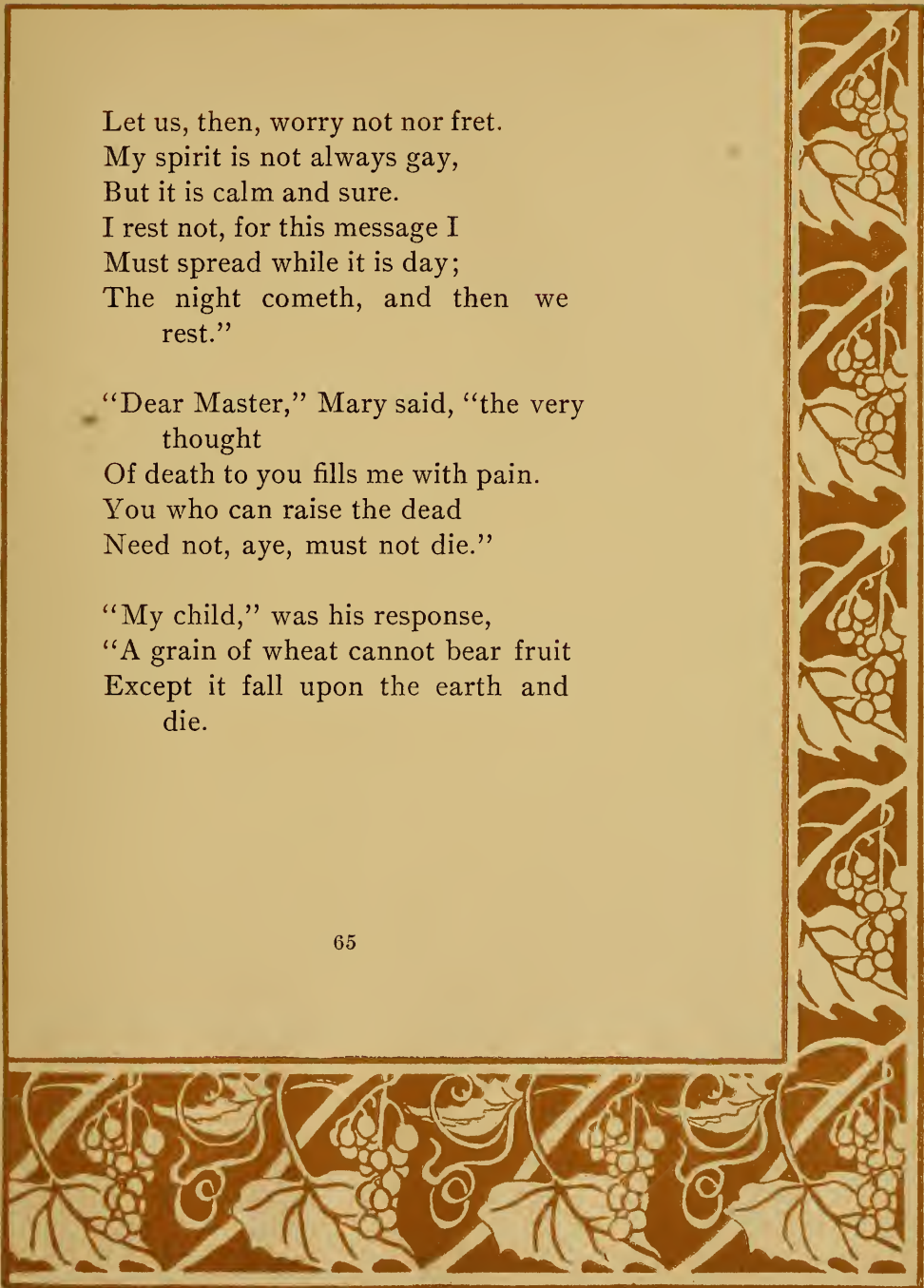
I want you opulent in love and joy.
As for myself, I rest in peace;
No harm can me befall.
Men may despise and buffet me;
They may not harken to my word;
They may e'en persecute and slay;
But in my heart there is no fear nor
hate.

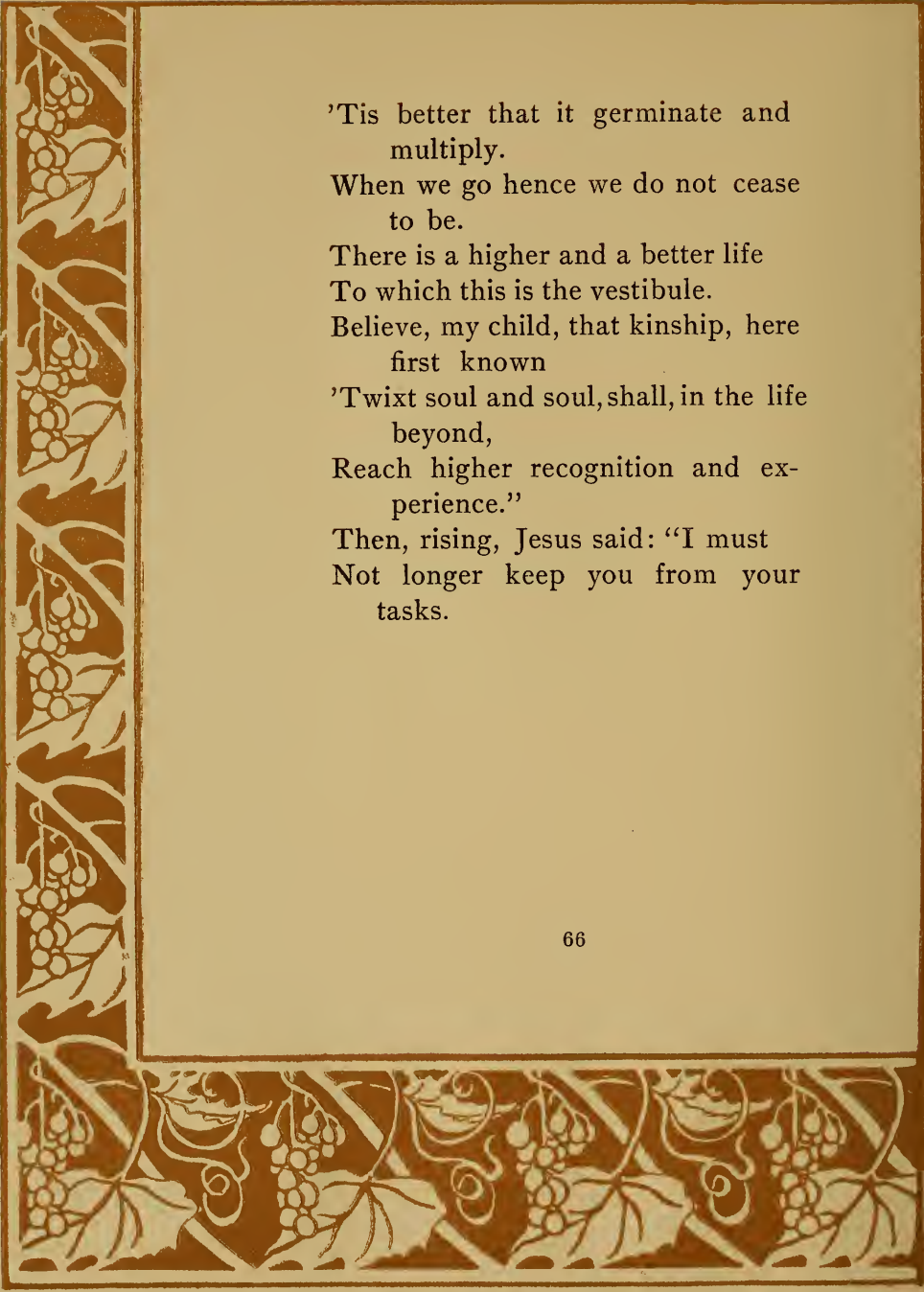
We have to change; we cannot stay
forever here;
But fear let us not have.
Our hands should ever do with
might
Whate'er they find to do.

Let us, then, worry not nor fret.
My spirit is not always gay,
But it is calm and sure.
I rest not, for this message I
Must spread while it is day;
The night cometh, and then we
rest."

"Dear Master," Mary said, "the very
thought
Of death to you fills me with pain.
You who can raise the dead
Need not, aye, must not die."

"My child," was his response,
"A grain of wheat cannot bear fruit
Except it fall upon the earth and
die.





'Tis better that it germinate and
multiply.

When we go hence we do not cease
to be.

There is a higher and a better life
To which this is the vestibule.

Believe, my child, that kinship, here
first known

'Twixt soul and soul, shall, in the life
beyond,

Reach higher recognition and ex-
perience."

Then, rising, Jesus said: "I must
Not longer keep you from your
tasks.

"I would not have you negligent
And careless of the duties and the
work

Pertaining to this life.

Moreover, sisters dear,

In being faithful here to all

Your obligations and your tasks

I would not have you miss

The various joys of life.

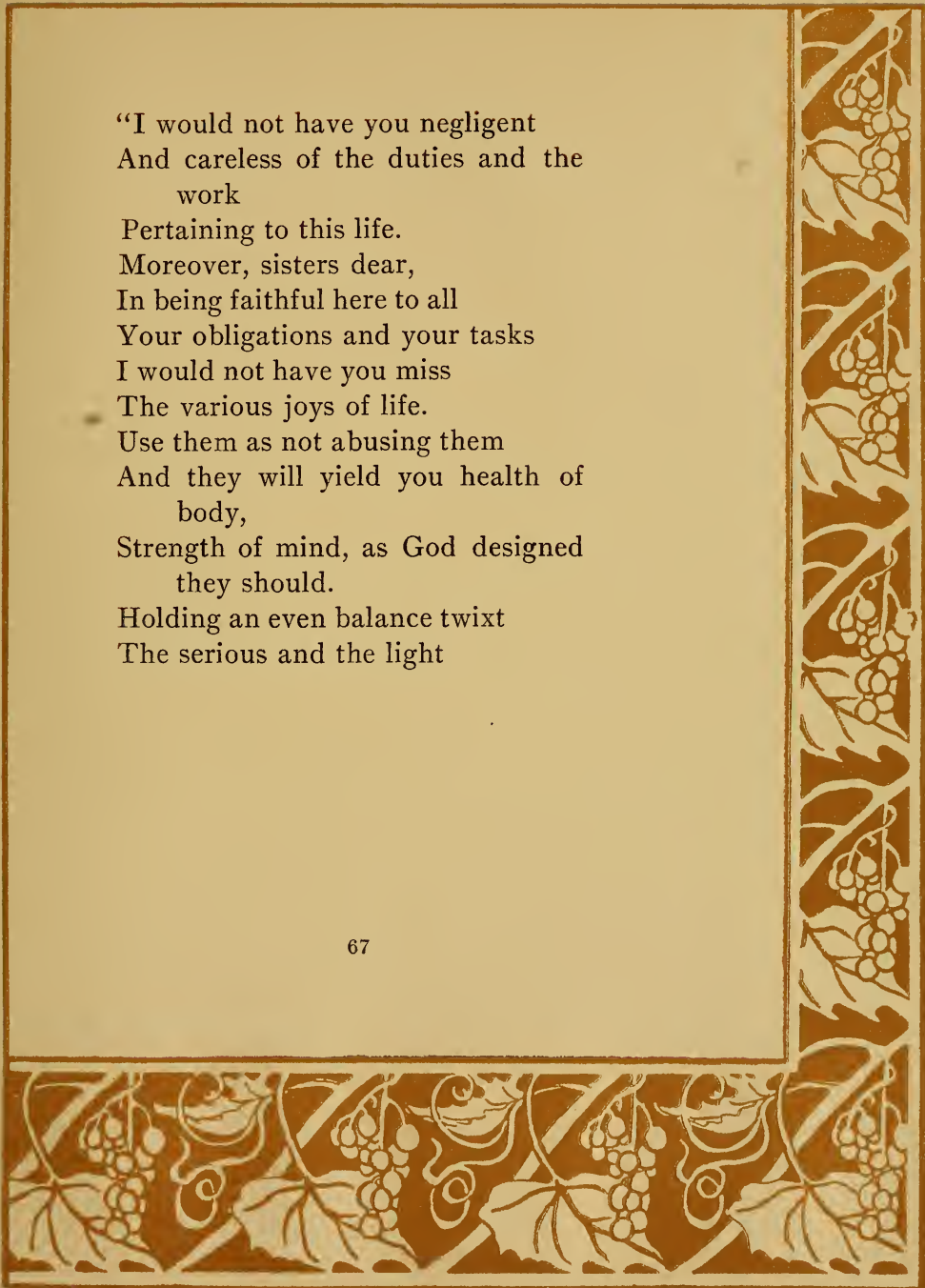
Use them as not abusing them

And they will yield you health of
body,

Strength of mind, as God designed
they should.

Holding an even balance twixt

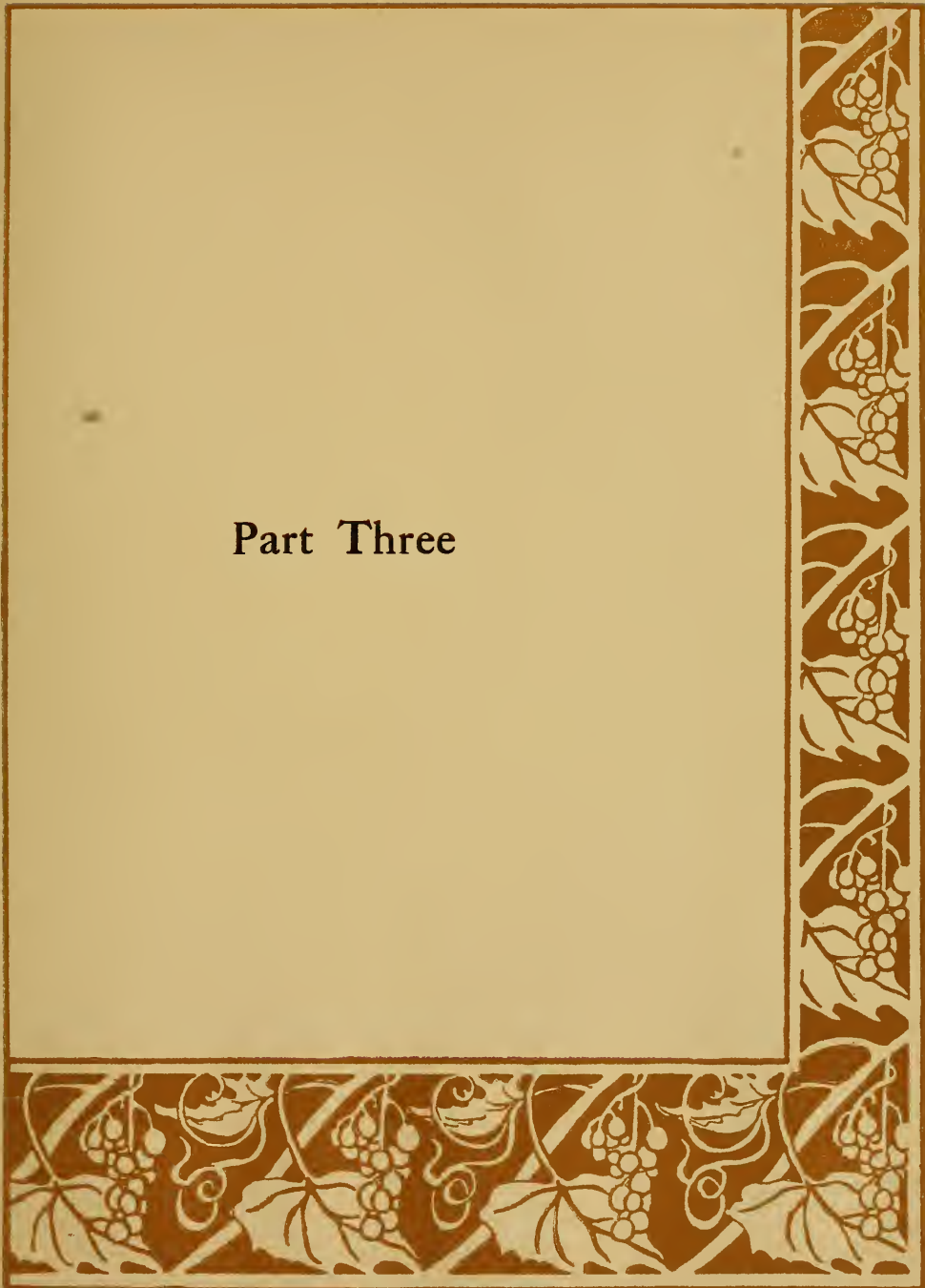
The serious and the light

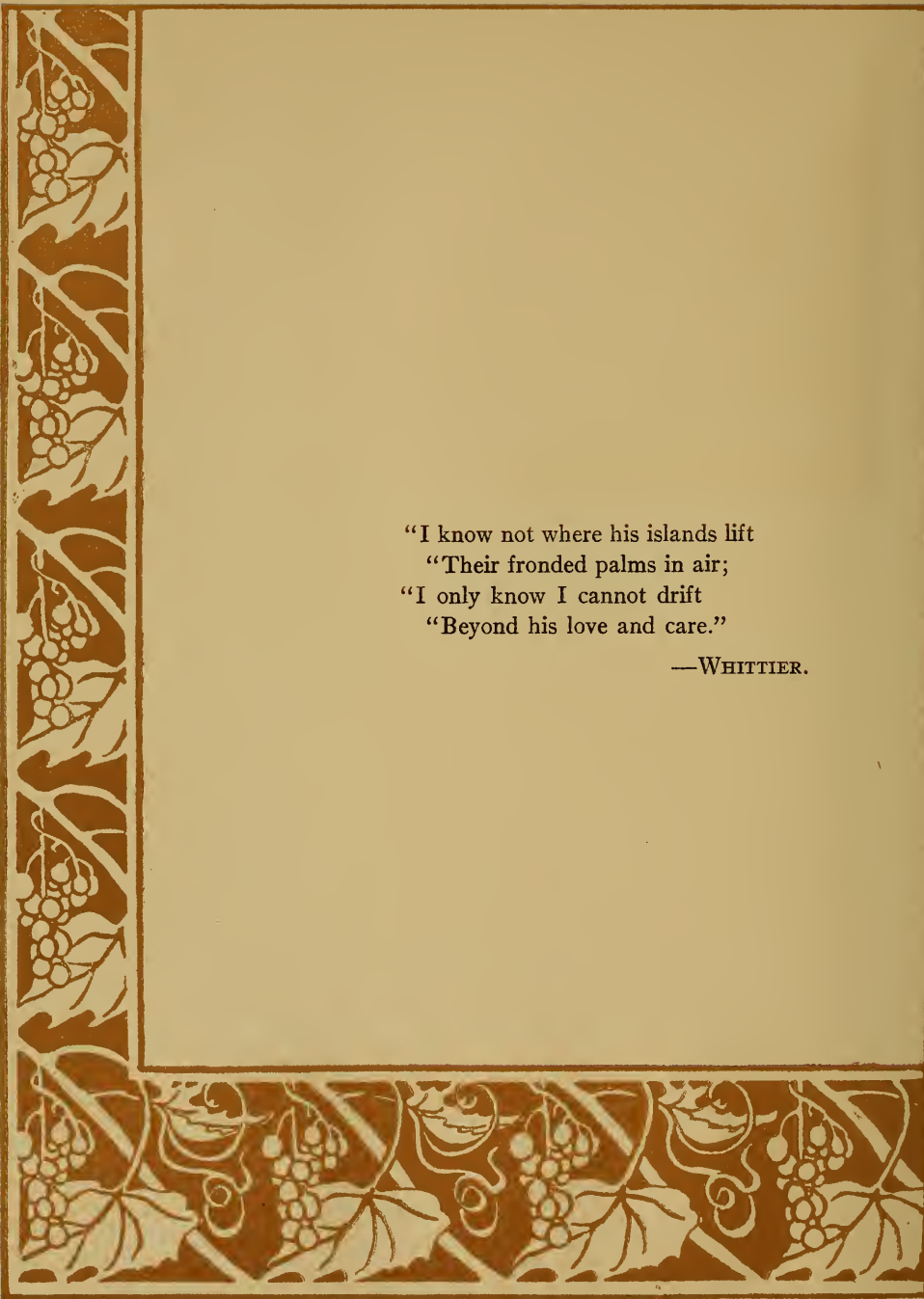




Will give you fitting poise.
Your Father is no tyrant lord,
And he would have his children
glad.”

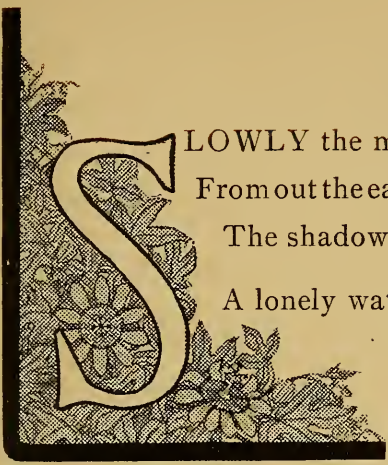
Part Three





“I know not where his islands lift
“Their fronded palms in air;
“I only know I cannot drift
“Beyond his love and care.”

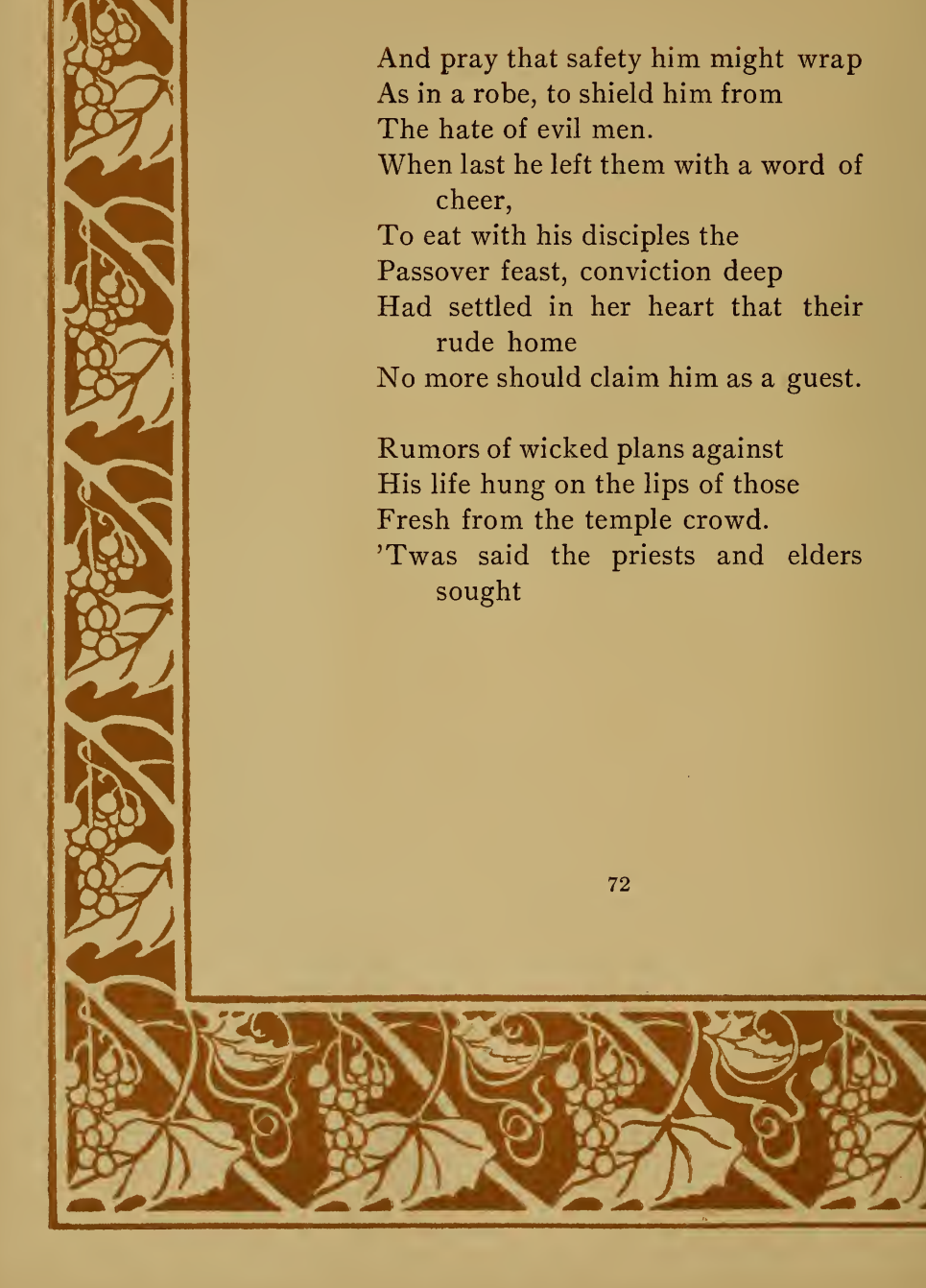
—WHITTIER.



LOWLY the morning sun arose
From out the east and scattered all
The shadows of the night.

A lonely watcher waited at
The little home in
Bethany
To catch its first
warm ray.

The hours had dragged their pace,
And long ere dawn this maiden fair
had sought
The roof that she might muse alone
On him whose welfare dearer was
than life,



And pray that safety him might wrap
As in a robe, to shield him from
The hate of evil men.

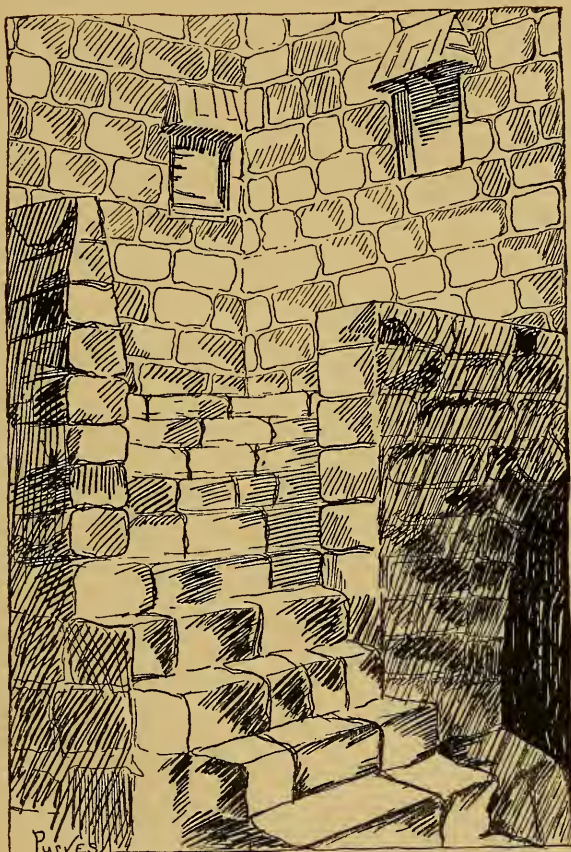
When last he left them with a word of
cheer,

To eat with his disciples the
Passover feast, conviction deep
Had settled in her heart that their
rude home

No more should claim him as a guest.

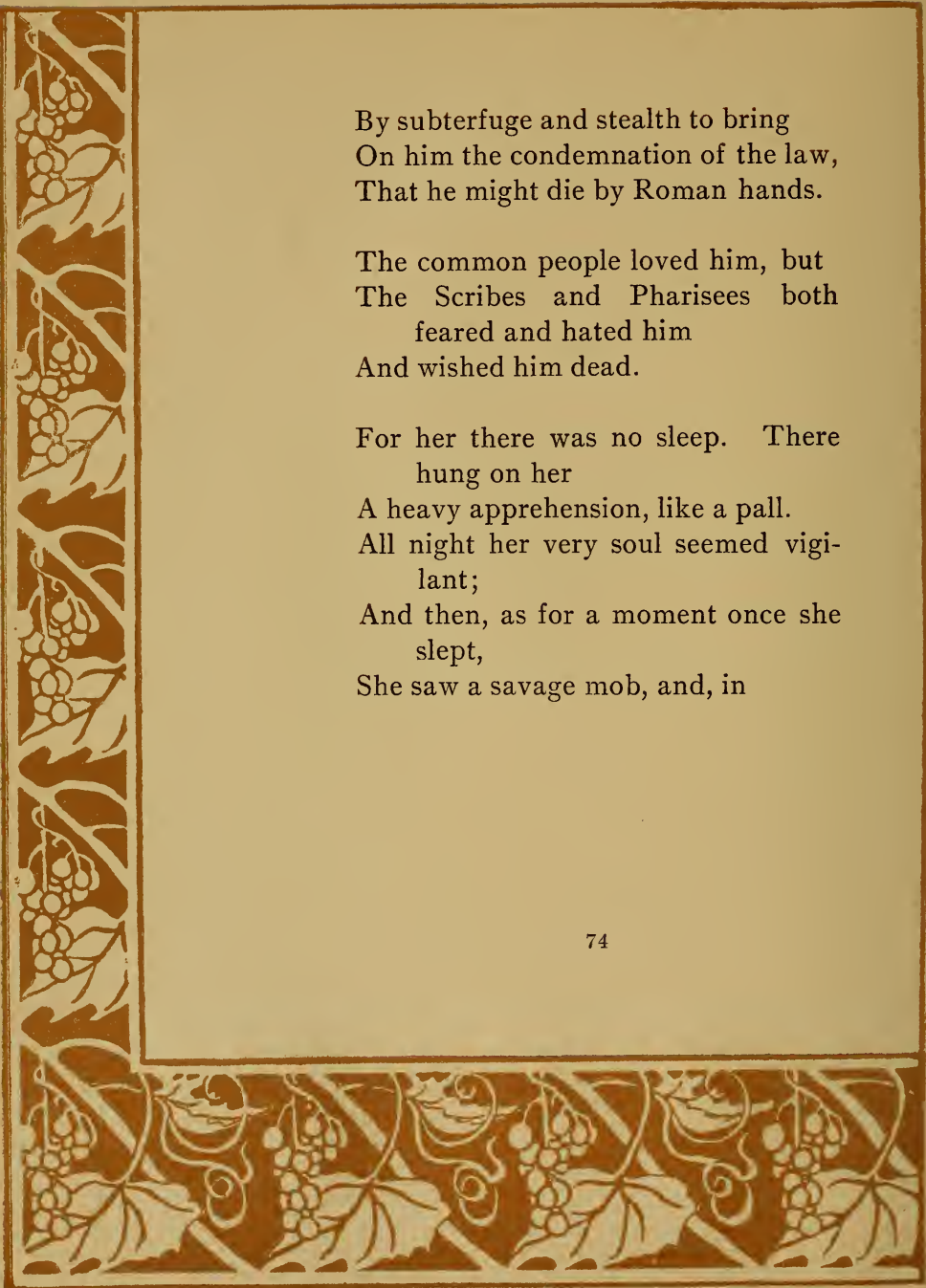
Rumors of wicked plans against
His life hung on the lips of those
Fresh from the temple crowd.

'Twas said the priests and elders
sought



THE WAY TO THE JUDGMENT HALL





By subterfuge and stealth to bring
On him the condemnation of the law,
That he might die by Roman hands.

The common people loved him, but
The Scribes and Pharisees both
feared and hated him
And wished him dead.

For her there was no sleep. There
hung on her
A heavy apprehension, like a pall.
All night her very soul seemed vigi-
lant;
And then, as for a moment once she
slept,
She saw a savage mob, and, in

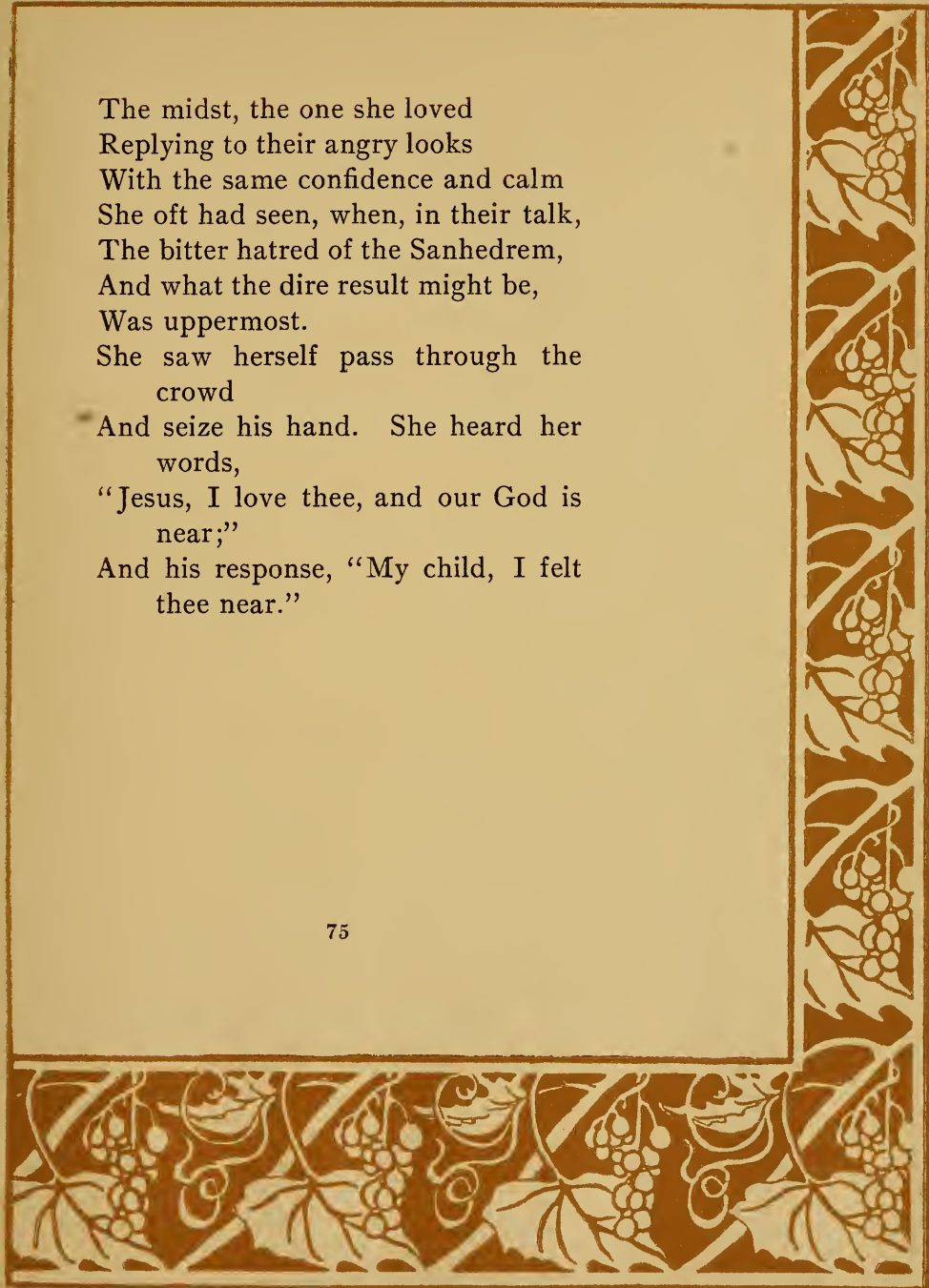
The midst, the one she loved
Replying to their angry looks
With the same confidence and calm
She oft had seen, when, in their talk,
The bitter hatred of the Sanhedrem,
And what the dire result might be,
Was uppermost.

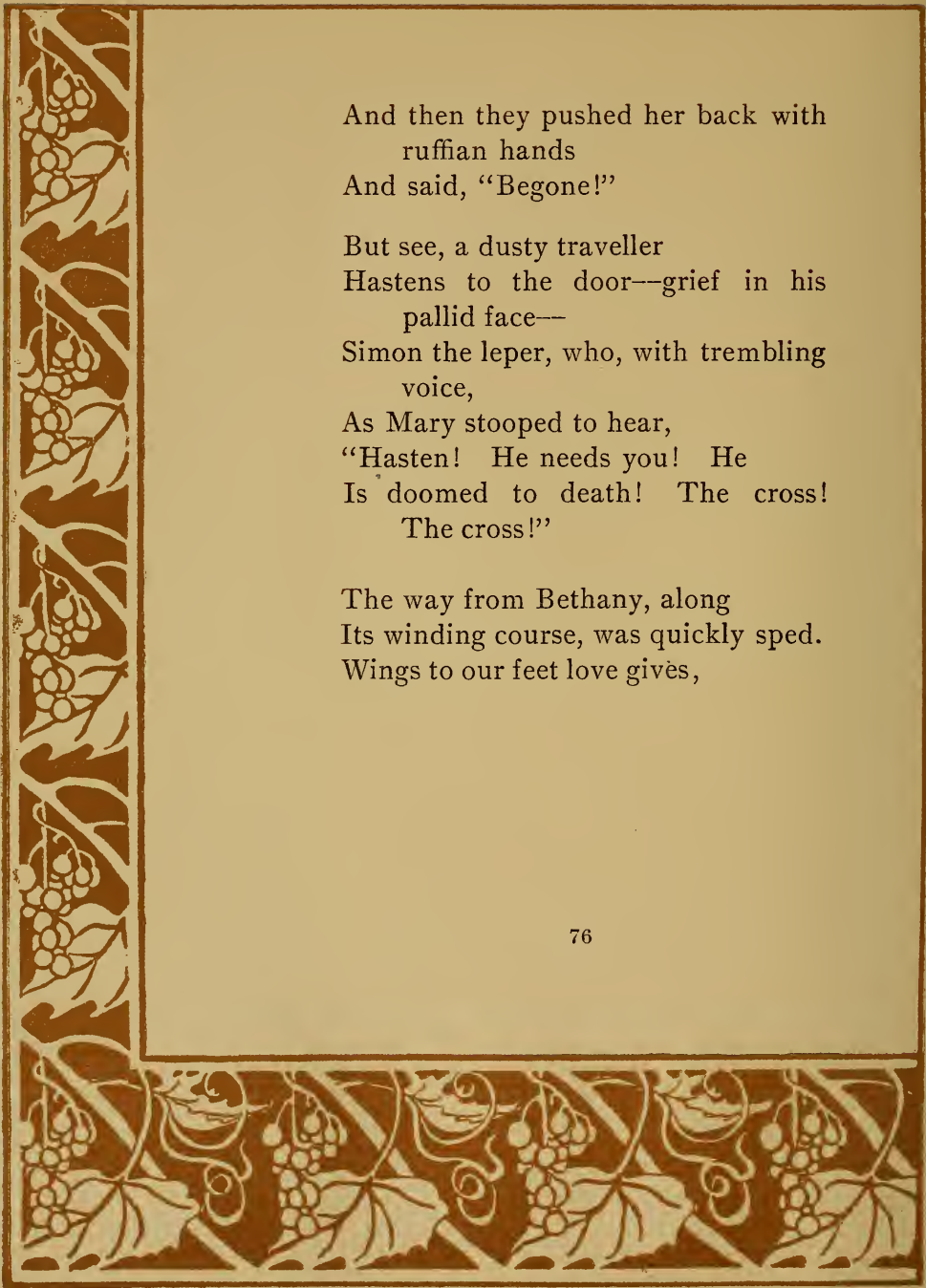
She saw herself pass through the
crowd

And seize his hand. She heard her
words,

“Jesus, I love thee, and our God is
near;”

And his response, “My child, I felt
thee near.”





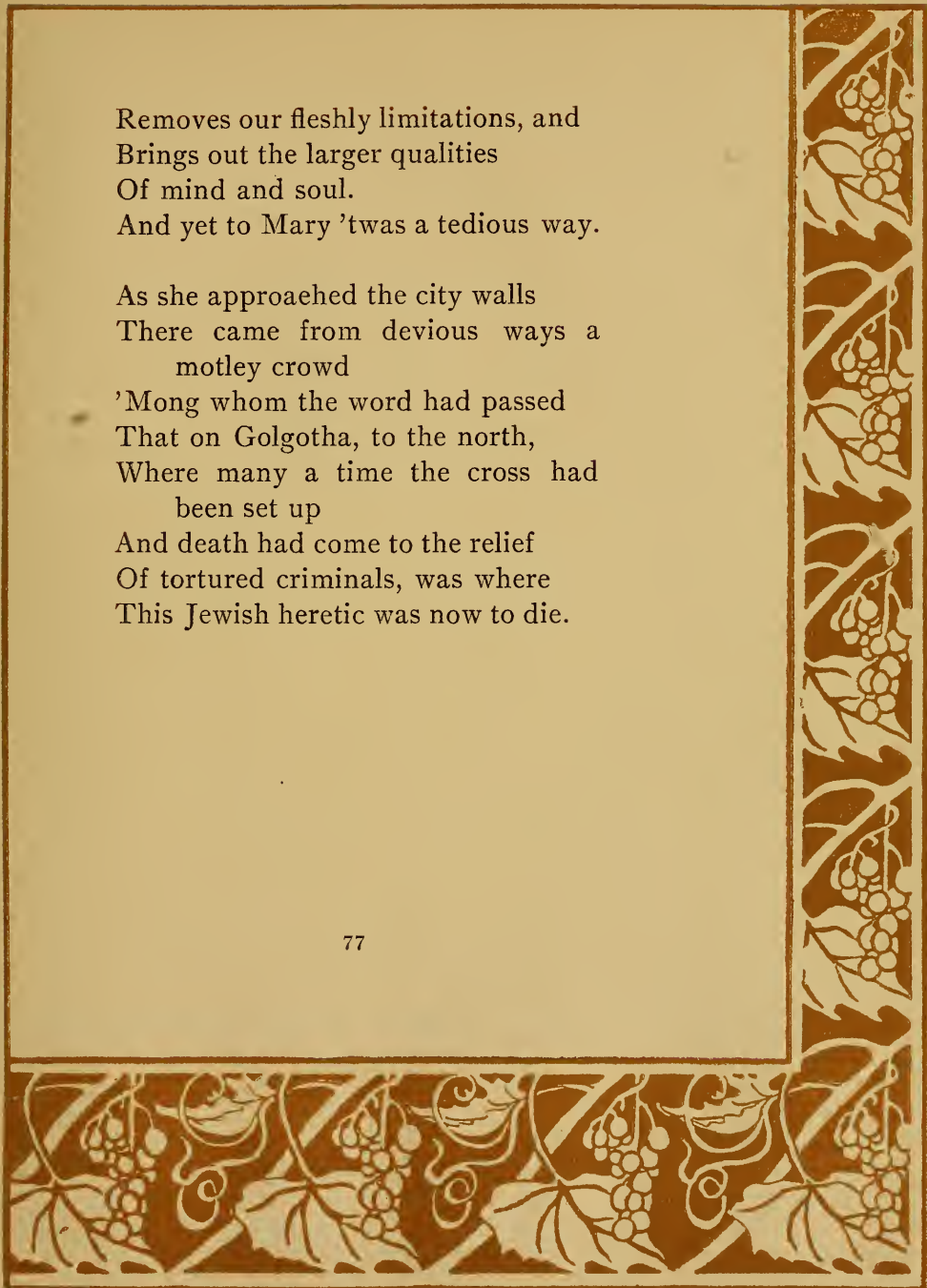
And then they pushed her back with
ruffian hands
And said, "Begone!"

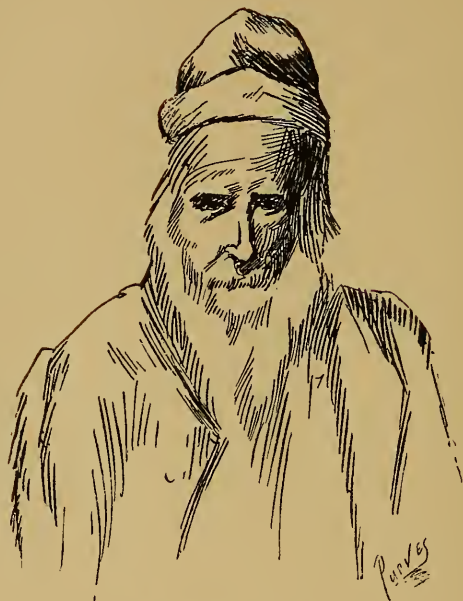
But see, a dusty traveller
Hastens to the door—grief in his
pallid face—
Simon the leper, who, with trembling
voice,
As Mary stooped to hear,
"Hasten! He needs you! He
Is doomed to death! The cross!
The cross!"

The way from Bethany, along
Its winding course, was quickly sped.
Wings to our feet love gives,

Removes our fleshly limitations, and
Brings out the larger qualities
Of mind and soul.
And yet to Mary 'twas a tedious way.

As she approached the city walls
There came from devious ways a
 motley crowd
'Mong whom the word had passed
That on Golgotha, to the north,
Where many a time the cross had
 been set up
And death had come to the relief
Of tortured criminals, was where
This Jewish heretic was now to die.





ONE OF THE THROG

By various routes they sought the
spot:

Some through the eastern gateway
hurried in

And sped along the city streets,

While others wound their way

By devious paths outside the walls,

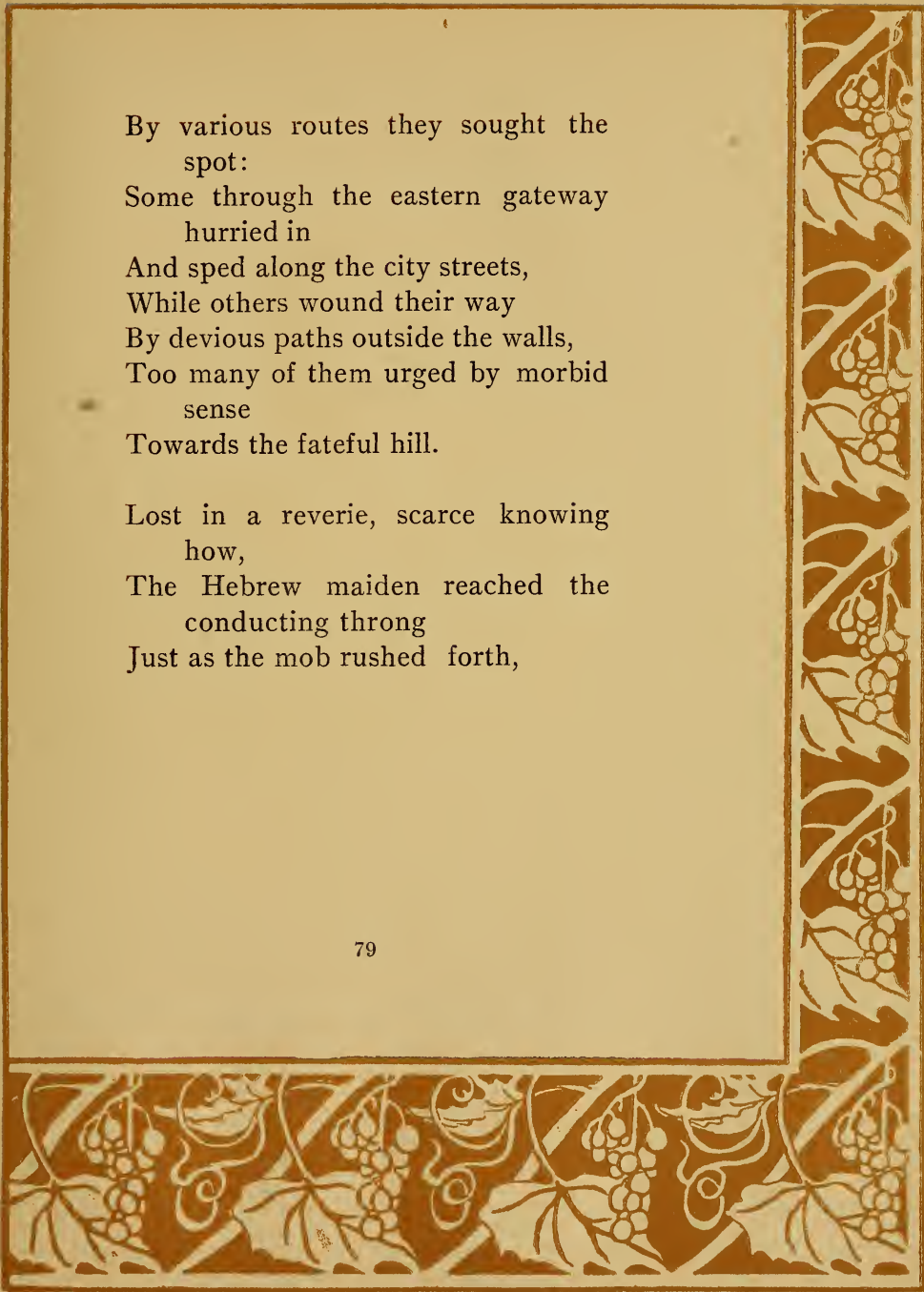
Too many of them urged by morbid
sense

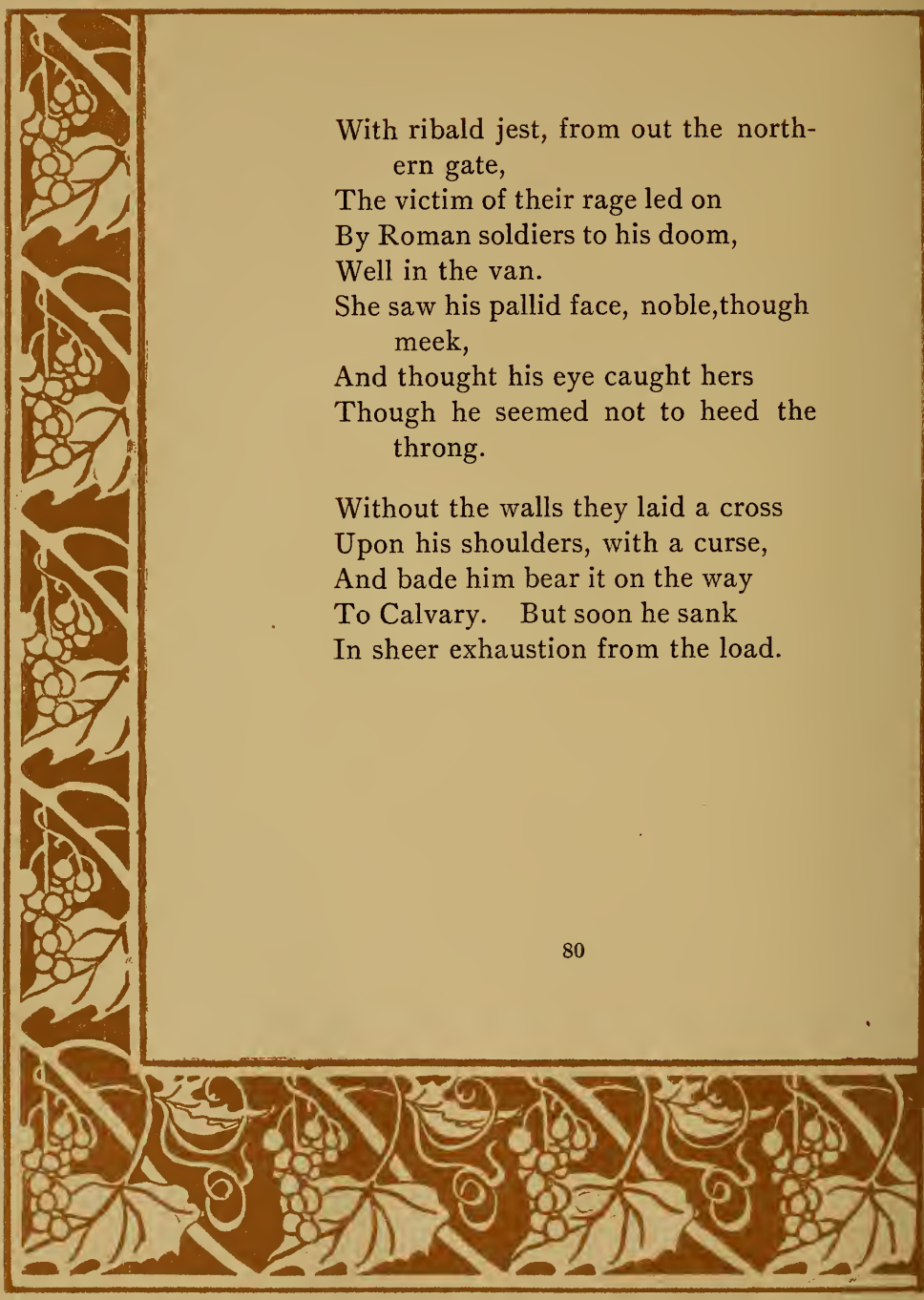
Towards the fateful hill.

Lost in a reverie, scarce knowing
how,

The Hebrew maiden reached the
conducting throng

Just as the mob rushed forth,





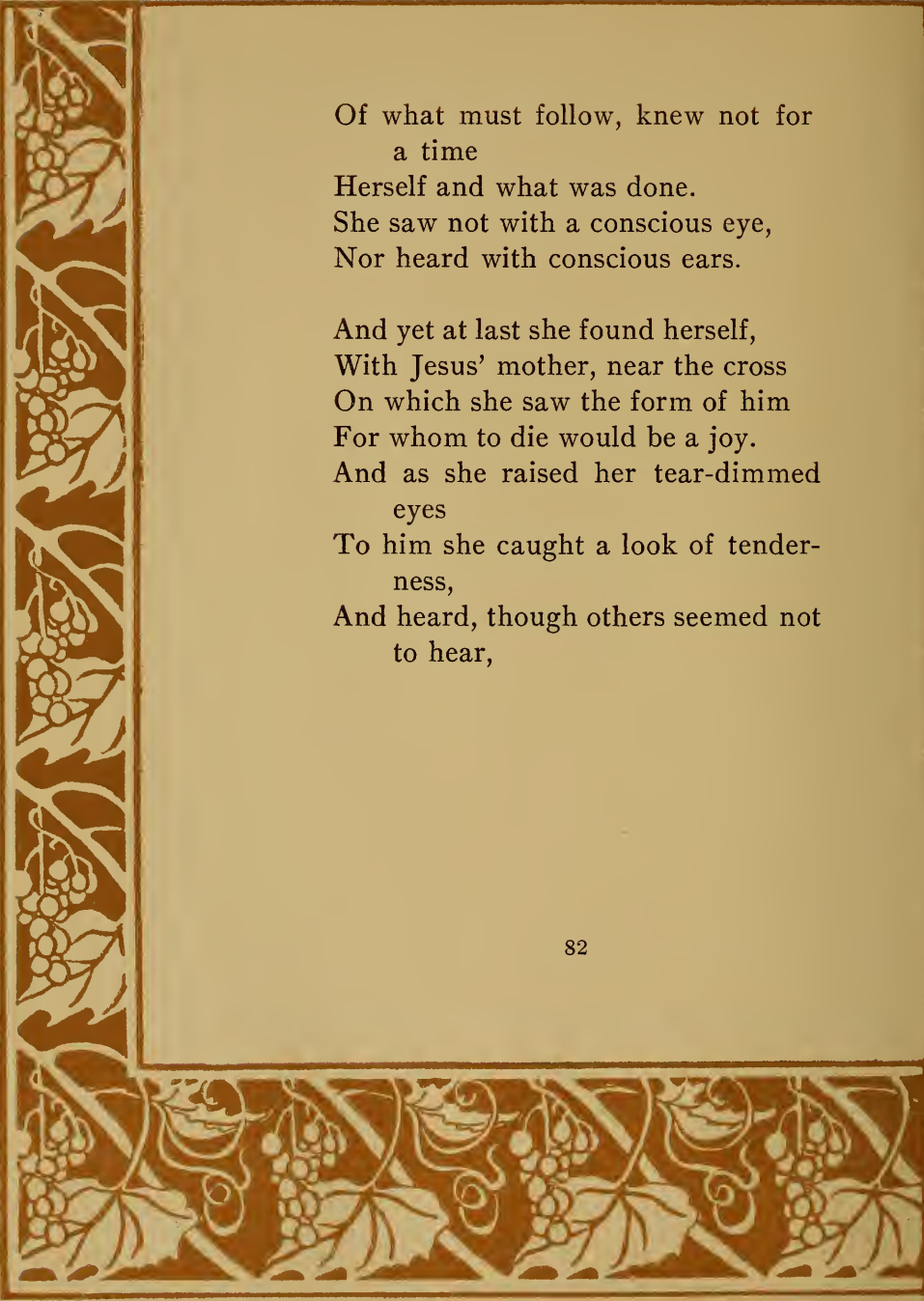
With ribald jest, from out the north-
ern gate,
The victim of their rage led on
By Roman soldiers to his doom,
Well in the van.
She saw his pallid face, noble, though
meek,
And thought his eye caught hers
Though he seemed not to heed the
throng.

Without the walls they laid a cross
Upon his shoulders, with a curse,
And bade him bear it on the way
To Calvary. But soon he sank
In sheer exhaustion from the load.

And, when they found his weary
frame
No longer could endure the strain,
They forced a foreigner to bear the
cross,
And hastened on with savage yell.

Carried along as in a dream
From which she fain would wake,
Stunned by the sight, the fountain of
her tears
Dried unto parching by the heat
Of the emotions burning in her soul,
The bruised, grief-ridden girl,
Sick with the sights and maddened by
the thought





Of what must follow, knew not for
a time

Herself and what was done.
She saw not with a conscious eye,
Nor heard with conscious ears.

And yet at last she found herself,
With Jesus' mother, near the cross
On which she saw the form of him
For whom to die would be a joy.
And as she raised her tear-dimmed
eyes
To him she caught a look of tender-
ness,
And heard, though others seemed not
to hear,

In accents suffering could not disguise,

"I felt you near. Courage, my dear,
'Tis well!"

And then she knew not what was
done or said:

She seemed to dream again of earlier
days—

Of sitting at his feet to hear

Him speak in a melodious tone

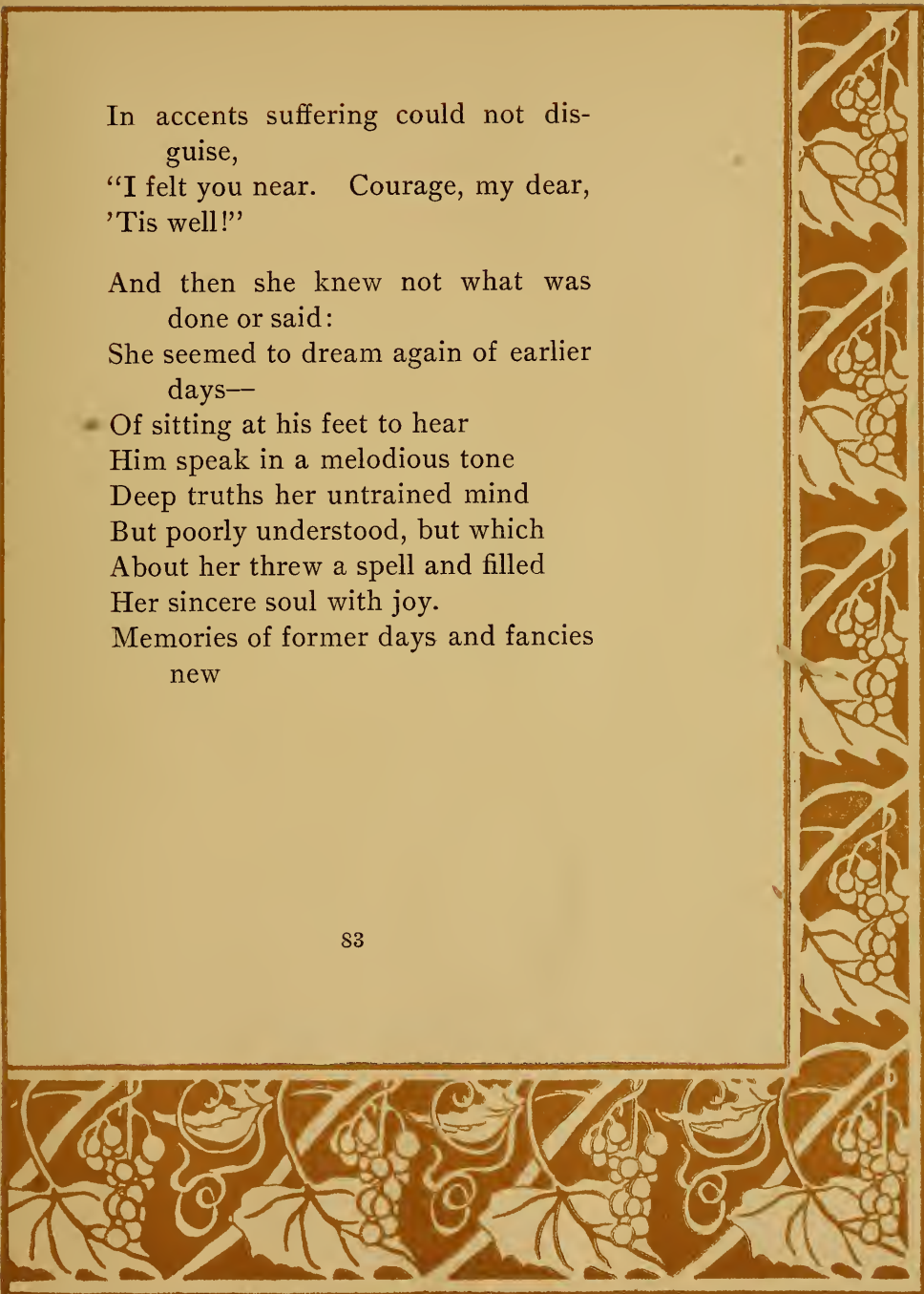
Deep truths her untrained mind

But poorly understood, but which

About her threw a spell and filled

Her sincere soul with joy.

Memories of former days and fancies
new





Gemalt von A. P. P. P.

Sped lightly through her unruled
mind—

Fantastic thoughts of love, of girl-
hood times,

Of forms grotesque, of ill-defined
shapes.

Voices she heard ; God spoke to her

As we are told He spoke to men

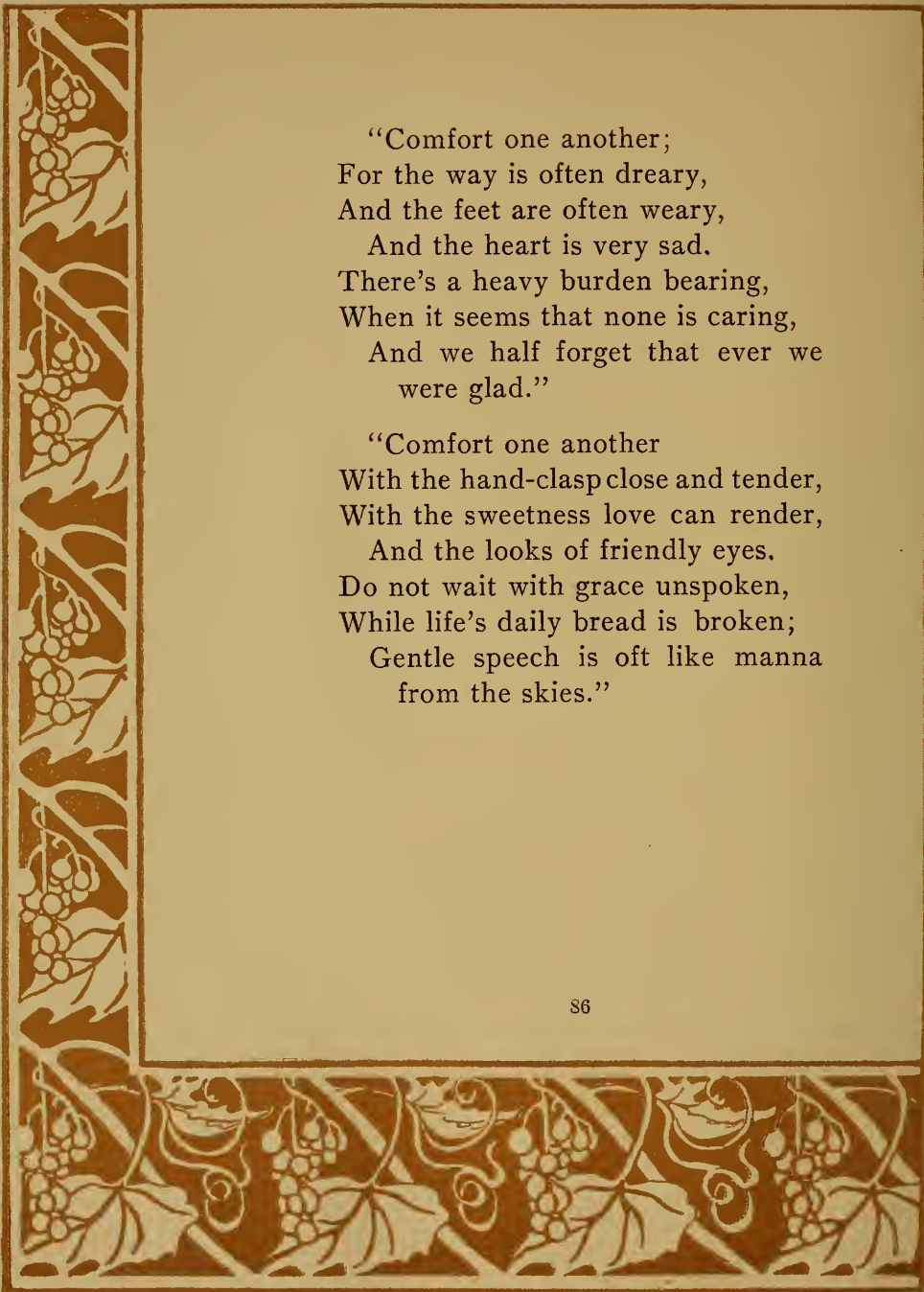
In days sunk in obscurity.

She walked and slept among her
friends and kin,

But consciousness was on another
plane

Of being, and hence she knew not
what

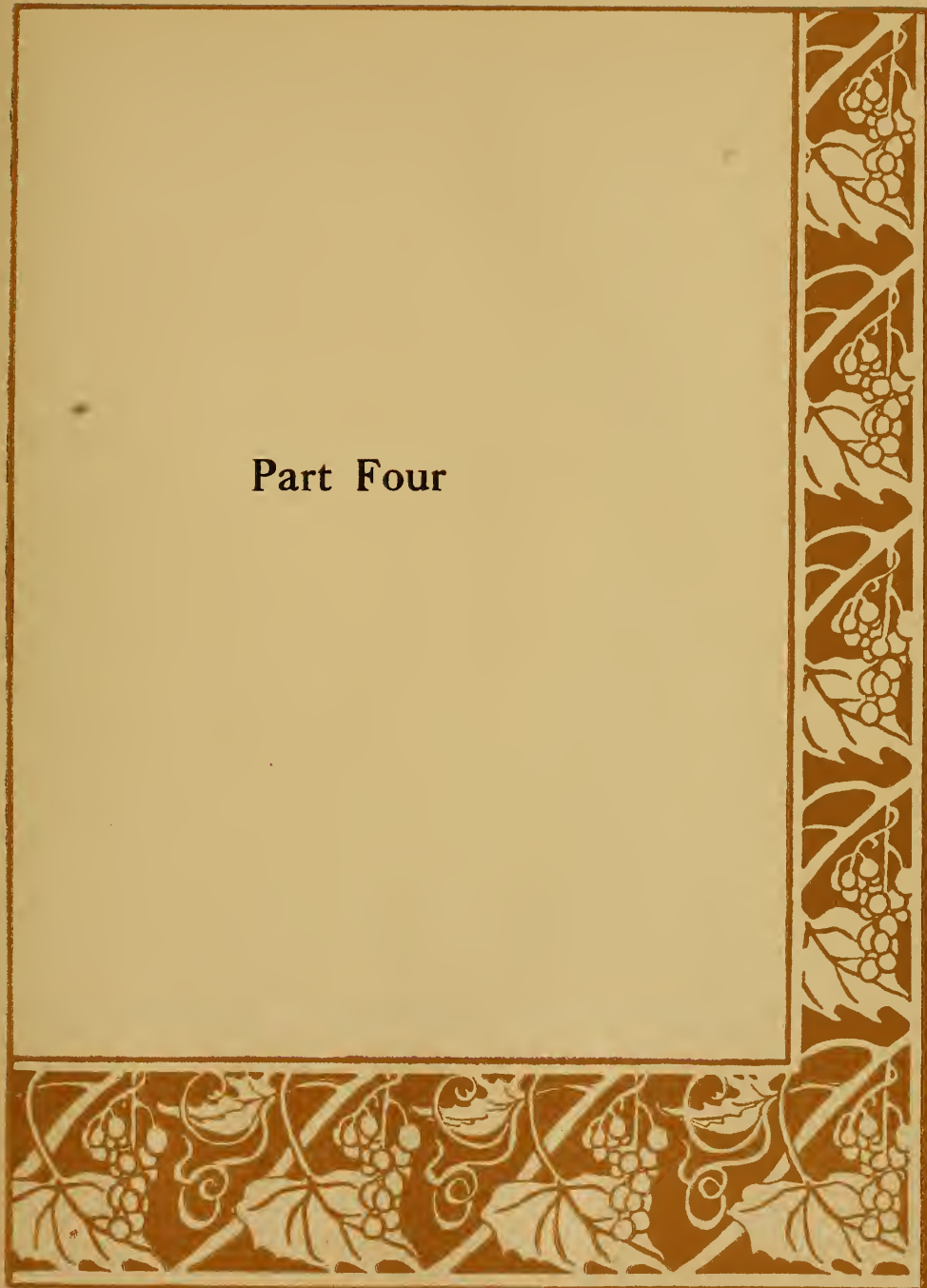
She said or did.



“Comfort one another;
For the way is often dreary,
And the feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.
There’s a heavy burden bearing,
When it seems that none is caring,
And we half forget that ever we
were glad.”

“Comfort one another
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the looks of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken,
While life’s daily bread is broken;
Gentle speech is oft like manna
from the skies.”

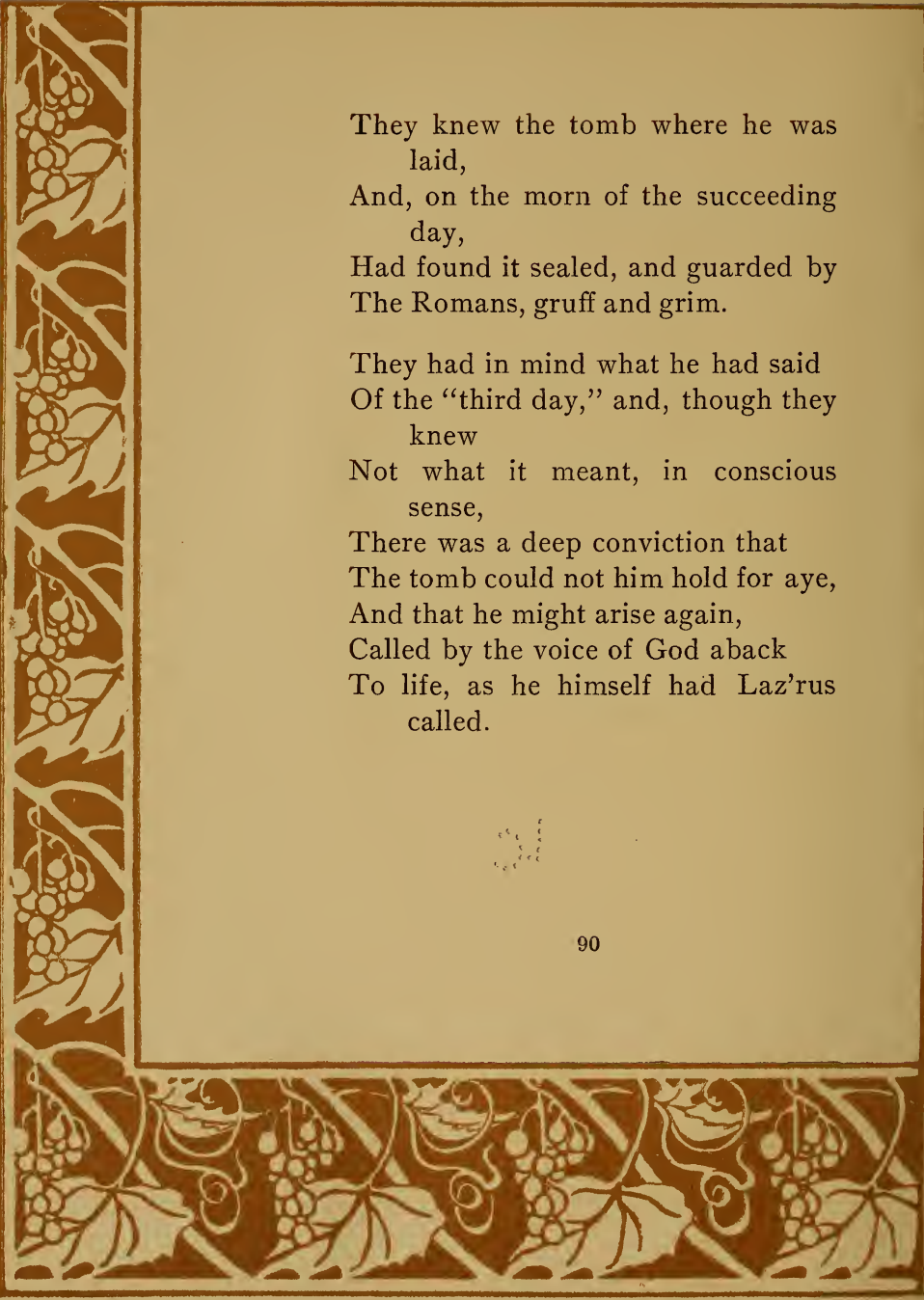
Part Four





“Love is the wondrous angel of
life that rolls away all the
stones of sorrow and suffering
from the pathway of life.”

—WM. G. JORDAN.



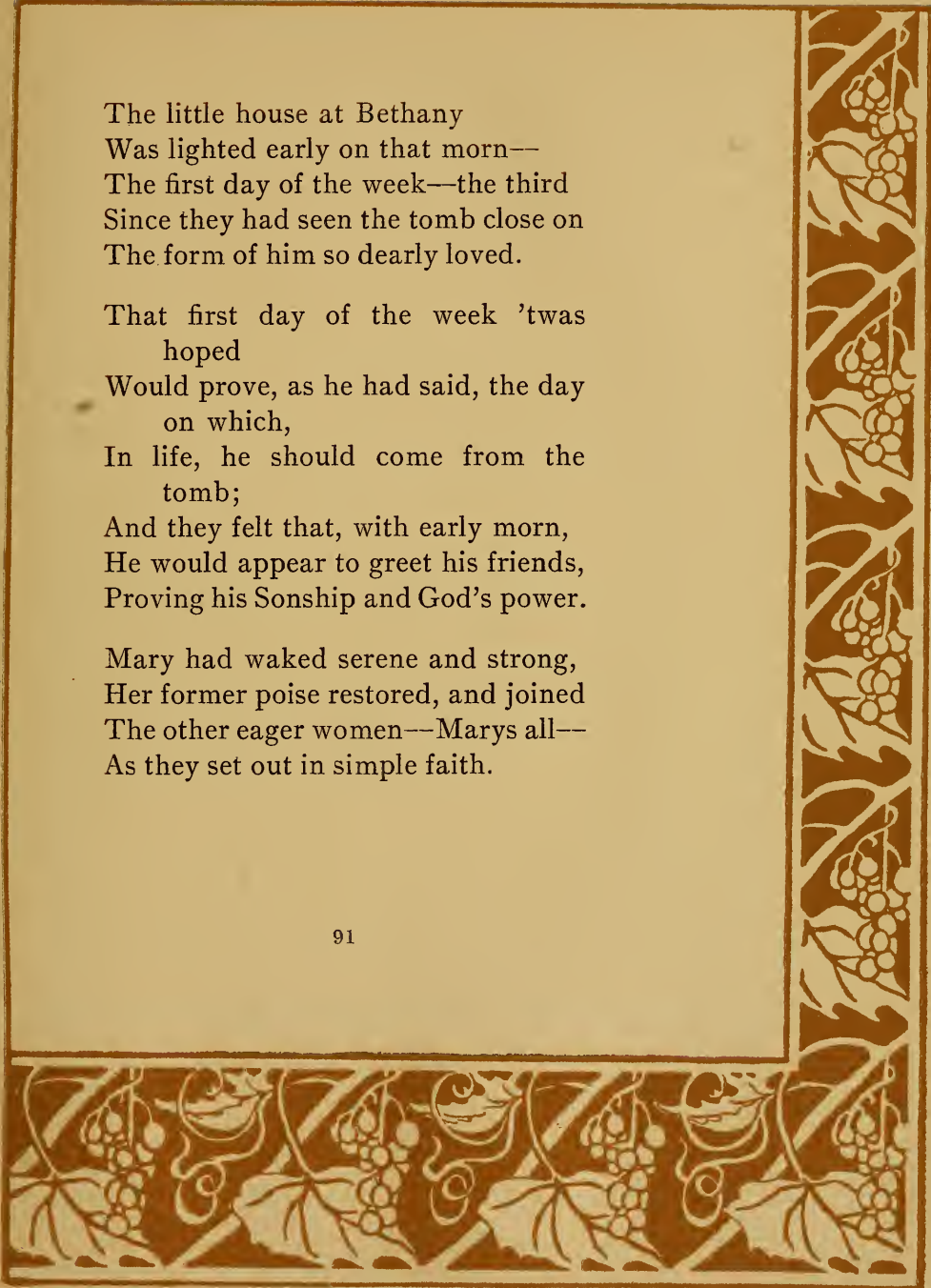
They knew the tomb where he was
laid,
And, on the morn of the succeeding
day,
Had found it sealed, and guarded by
The Romans, gruff and grim.

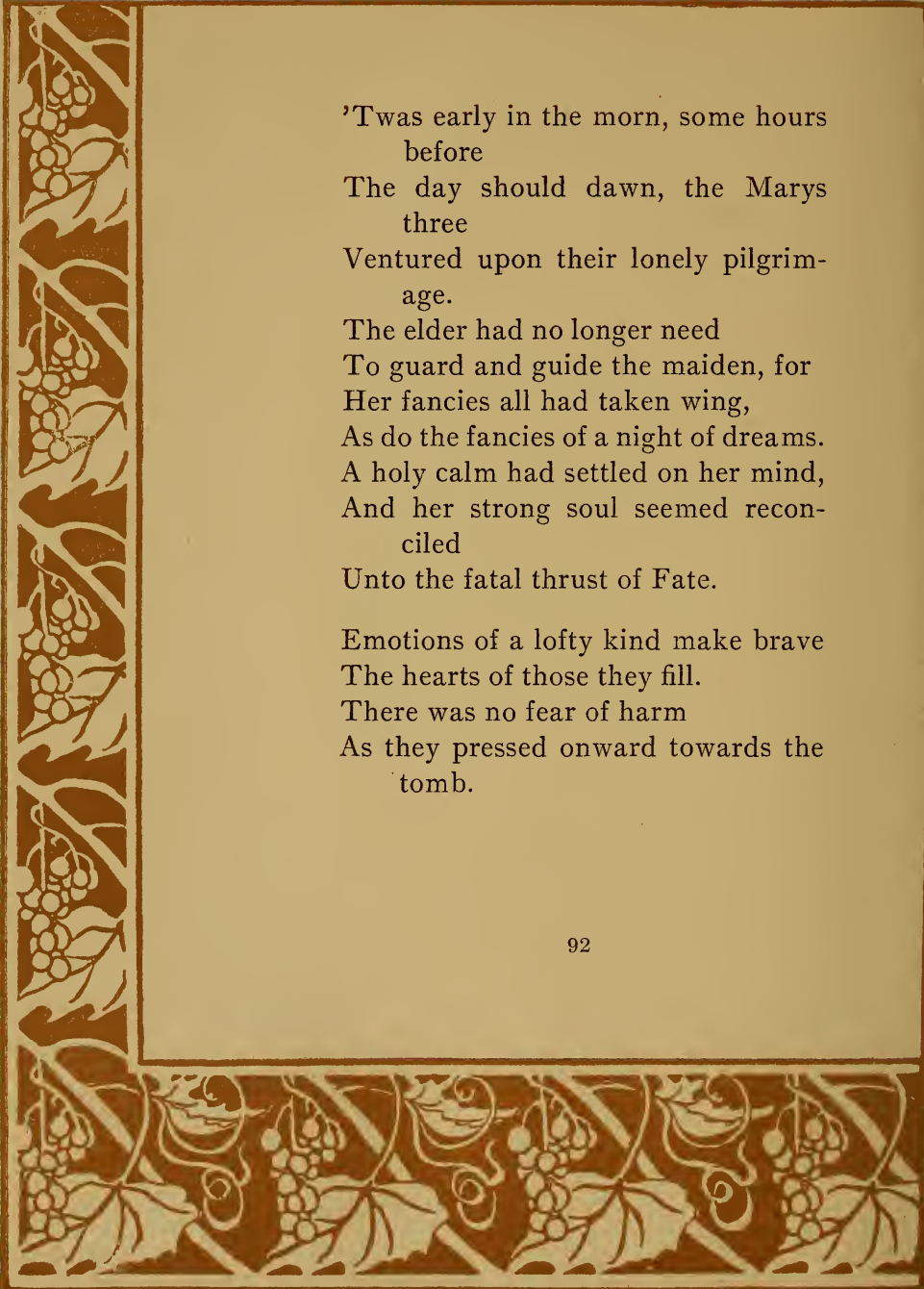
They had in mind what he had said
Of the "third day," and, though they
knew
Not what it meant, in conscious
sense,
There was a deep conviction that
The tomb could not him hold for aye,
And that he might arise again,
Called by the voice of God aback
To life, as he himself had Laz'rus
called.

The little house at Bethany
Was lighted early on that morn—
The first day of the week—the third
Since they had seen the tomb close on
The form of him so dearly loved.

That first day of the week 'twas
hoped
Would prove, as he had said, the day
on which,
In life, he should come from the
tomb;
And they felt that, with early morn,
He would appear to greet his friends,
Proving his Sonship and God's power.

Mary had waked serene and strong,
Her former poise restored, and joined
The other eager women—Marys all—
As they set out in simple faith.





'Twas early in the morn, some hours
before
The day should dawn, the Marys
three
Ventured upon their lonely pilgrim-
age.

The elder had no longer need
To guard and guide the maiden, for
Her fancies all had taken wing,
As do the fancies of a night of dreams.
A holy calm had settled on her mind,
And her strong soul seemed recon-
ciled
Unto the fatal thrust of Fate.

Emotions of a lofty kind make brave
The hearts of those they fill.
There was no fear of harm
As they pressed onward towards the
tomb.

The pale moon shone upon the way
And gave Jerusalem a silver tint
As it lay there before them calm and
still,

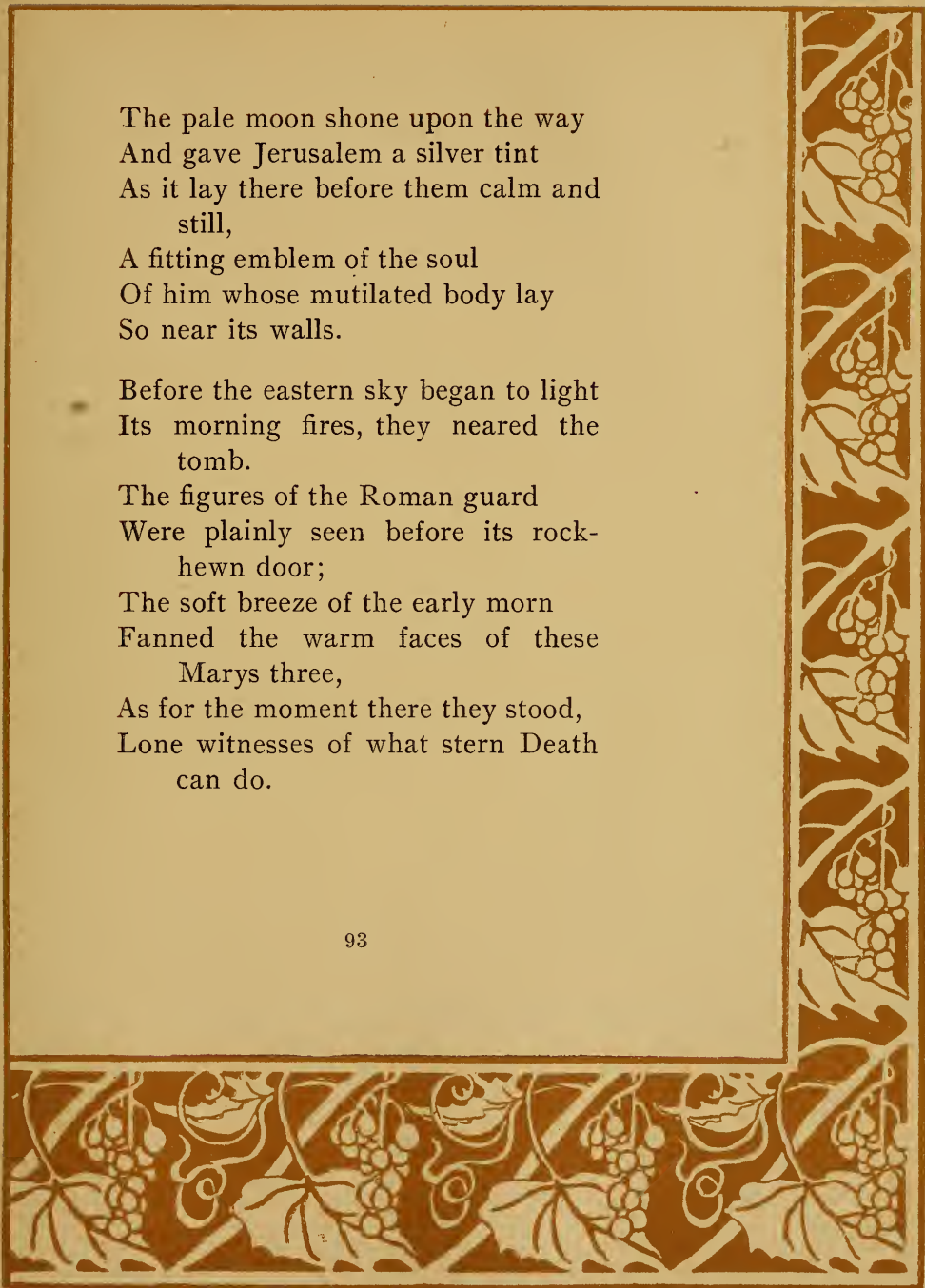
A fitting emblem of the soul
Of him whose mutilated body lay
So near its walls.

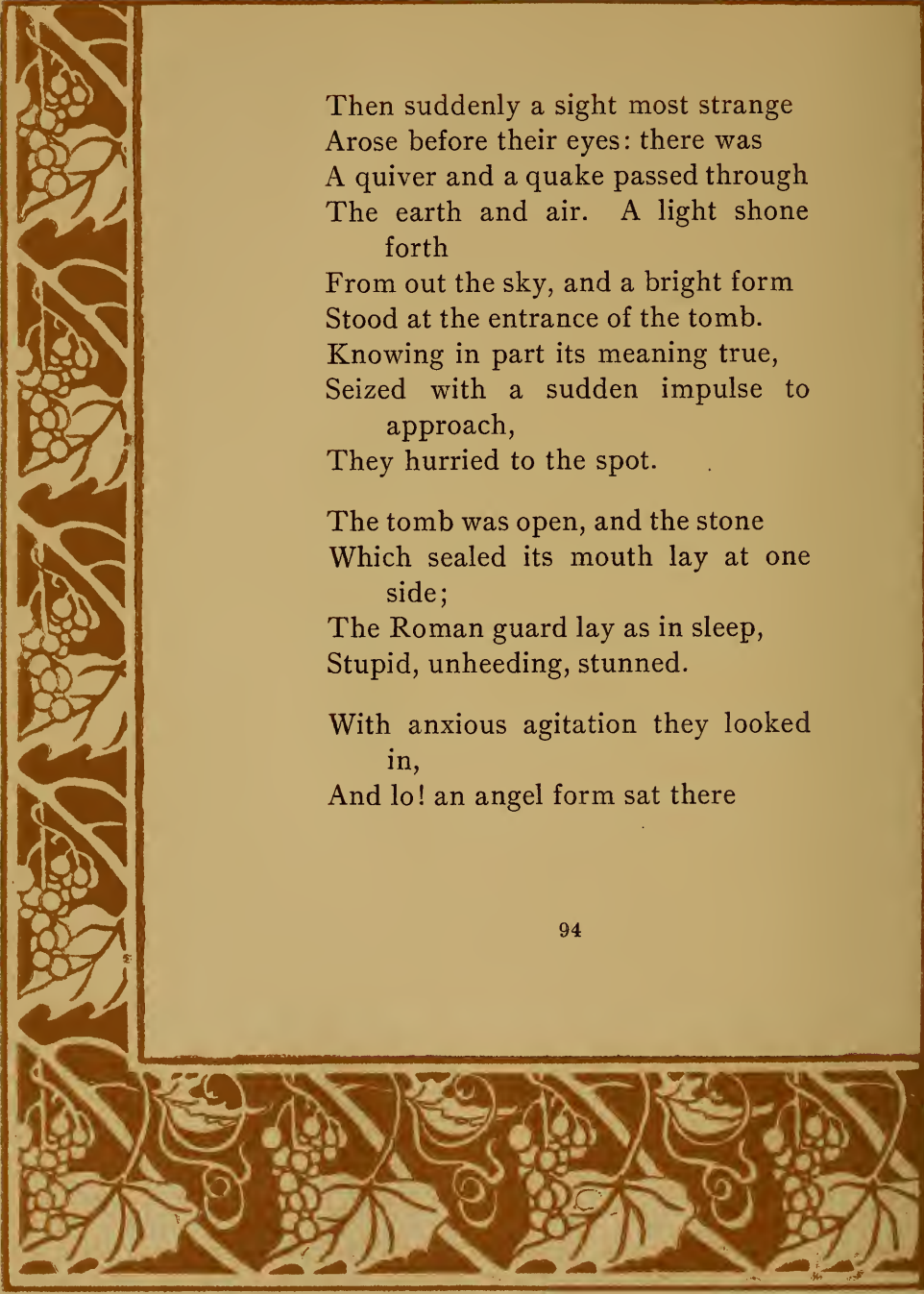
Before the eastern sky began to light
Its morning fires, they neared the
tomb.

The figures of the Roman guard
Were plainly seen before its rock-
hewn door;

The soft breeze of the early morn
Fanned the warm faces of these
Marys three,

As for the moment there they stood,
Lone witnesses of what stern Death
can do.





Then suddenly a sight most strange
Arose before their eyes: there was
A quiver and a quake passed through
The earth and air. A light shone
forth

From out the sky, and a bright form
Stood at the entrance of the tomb.
Knowing in part its meaning true,
Seized with a sudden impulse to
approach,
They hurried to the spot.

The tomb was open, and the stone
Which sealed its mouth lay at one
side;
The Roman guard lay as in sleep,
Stupid, unheeding, stunned.

With anxious agitation they looked
in,
And lo! an angel form sat there

As though in wait for them.
No other form was seen within the
tomb.

"Fear not!" the angel said, "Fear
not!

I know for whom ye seek; he is not
here.

Did he not say that he had power
To lay his body down and take it
up?

Go tell to all that he has gone to
Galilee.

There they shall see him face to
face."

Turning away in joy the Marys then
Made haste to carry back the news,
When there they saw their risen Lord,
Who greeted them and said, "Go tell
the rest





To haste to Galilee.
Lo! there they me shall see."

Doth love end here in time and sense?
Is it ephemeral?
Is that which makes life beautiful
and true—
Which animates and thrills—
Is that which rounds our being into
form
And gives us more abundant life—
Is it to perish with the porcelain form
To which it clings?
It cannot be. Love, like the soul,
The mind, the spirit which it ani-
mates,
Must live for aye and aye,
Gath'ring new energy as it unfolds
To all eternity.



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